"This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous . . .

yet I pay only 25¢ a tube"

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the hill "the-next-to-nothing-house" because we have next to nothing to keep it going.

But honestly, Mabel, it's been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you'd say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I've actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn't beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I've found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about $3 a year, over 50¢ tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don't know why I never tried it before. I've used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chevvie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,
Helen

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
WITH PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

REMOVES FILM FASTER

JULY 1, 1933

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MR. DAMON RUNYON always claims there is nothing more restful to the eye than a doll with black hair, because it is even money, or anyway nine to ten, that it is the natural color of the hair, as it seems that dolls will change the color of their hair to any color but black, and why this is nobody knows, except that it is just the way dolls are.

Now, once when it is coming on spring in Newark, New Jersey, Mr. Runyon sees such a doll yanked out of the way of a beer truck by a young guy by the name of The Humming Bird. And this is very lucky indeed for the young guy, as it keeps him from being cooled off by a load of slugs on the night he goes to see "The Brakeman's Daughter." Many citizens know that this is really a gag, but the way it turns out is most surprising, and, in fact, uncanny.

FOR some time now there's been a war in progress in this country, a fabulously expensive and wasteful one—the oil war. The battlefield is in Texas, but the bill is payable by the country at large. A total of three billion barrels of oil, among other things, is being recklessly squandered beyond all hope of recovery. And no one is profiting by this profligacy. In an astounding article about the confusion and shortsighted greed of the petroleum industry, Owen P. White proves that "You Pay for the Oil War."

THE Kid wasn't anybody much; just another fighter, young and ambitious, with a fine right hand and a left that needed a lot of developing. It was only by accident that he ever set eyes on Fredericka Abbott. She belonged to another world, a million-dollar world, full of horses and yachts and swimming pools and airplanes — especially airplanes. And yet when Fredericka flew the Atlantic it was the Kid's cablegram, out of a yard-high stack, that she chose to answer. Edward Shenton tells a story of unselfish adoration in "A Message to a Lady."

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN takes you out onto blue water and shows you an apprentice seaman from an inland town who believes in sea serpents and ghostly galleons; maybe you'll recognize him—he's the spirit of youth and of heroism. Hugh MacNair Kahler writes the Short Short Story. Corey Ford, Ruth Seinfel, John B. Kennedy and others contribute stories and articles. Ernest Haycox puts his "Starlight Rider" to a full gallop, and Sax Rohmer supervises the final rescue of "Fu Manchu's Bride." Aces—all aces.

This Week

●

July 1, 1933

Cover by Robert O. Reid

ERNEST HAYCOX
Starlight Rider, Part I. **The new serial—an explosive romance of Powder desert. Page 7**

ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER
Now, Pop—. **Mr. Baer has done it again, this time with a railroad flat. Page 10**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Catching Up with Huey. **The meteoric career of Kingfish Long—into a jam. Page 12**

ELMER DAVIS
Master of Arts. **She was a reception clerk and also a Master of Arts. Page 14**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Woman Pays, **by Octavus Roy Cohen. Page 16**

T. R. YBARRA
Says Hitler. **An exclusive message to the American people. Page 17**

EDWIN MULLER
At the Brink. **Mountaineering for love and, incidentally, life. Page 18**

PAUL ANNIXTER
To a Finish. **All in the day's work—for an African badger. Page 20**

SAX ROHMER
Fu Manchu's Bride, Part IX. **Safe aboard the lugger—a fast yacht, in this instance, commanded by Dr. Fu Manchu. Page 22**

HENRY F. PRINGLE
She Who Gets Slapped. **Diana Wynyard, swapping blows with John Barrymore. Page 24**

DON MARQUIS
All the Answers. **You don't even have to ask him. Page 28**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Gems for your dinner-table repertory. Page 44**

EDITORIAL
The Tax That Went Wrong. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

IN THE event that someone asks you whether Mr. Lennard Axelrod of Houston, Texas, will resent ruthless investigations of bankers, you are authorized by Mr. Axelrod to reply that he "won't say a word no matter how hard they bear down on some bankers I have met. All I asked my bankers for," says Mr. Axelrod, "was a few dollars to keep me ahead of the sheriff. What they wanted to give me was a couple of years in jail just for asking."

"OF COURSE you wets think you're mighty clever," scoffs Mr. James R. Garward of Baltimore, Maryland. "But you are not. Even when the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed you will have been outwitted by the dry leaders. The dry leaders—the professionals who made a business of fighting the saloon—sensed some time ago that the nation was tired of prohibition. And that meant their livelihoods were gone. So they retired gracefully, permitting alcohol to be restored to the people and opening up the way for the dry ballyhoo to start all over again. And you anti-prohibitionists think you're smart!"

MR. DUDLEY V. HADDOCK of Little Rock, Arkansas, resolving to catch up with what's going on in the world, began last week to look up a few numbers of the Arkansas Gazette. He got as far back as the issue of April 3, 1833, and was informed, on the front page, that "The first mail under the new semi-weekly arrangement on the route between this place and Memphis brings the Washington papers. They, however, contained no news of importance."

"Well," sighs Mr. Haddock, "you can't justly accuse the Washington papers of inconsistency, can you?"

"WHAT," demands Mr. P. F. W. Kehling, of Los Angeles, California, "has become of the Monroe Doctrine?" We might have known that somebody was going to ask something like that. Frankly, we haven't heard of the Monroe Doctrine for years. We suspect, however, that it will be located eventually somewhere under a rock along with the Dred Scott Decision, the Treaty of Versailles, the Locarno Pact, the Missouri Compromise, the Autobiography of Jackie Coogan and the Eighteenth Amendment. Let's see, what was the Monroe Doctrine?

WE ARRIVE in our office bright and early. Feeling pretty fond of ourselves, too. We look over a few proofs for forthcoming issues and call in our secretary to tell her what a lucky girl she is to be working for so remarkable a person. Then we open a letter from Dr. F. L. Stratton of Kilgore, Texas. "It seems to me somewhat of a paradox," writes he, "that during the last depression your magazine was well worth the nickel it cost. But now that everything else is on the up and up why are you letting the quality of Collier's slip?"

WHAT Mr. Charles B. McGovern of St. Paul, Minnesota, wants to hear is the "confused mumbling of a great many of the members of Congress when they get back home and are asked by their constituencies to tell them a little something of what is happening in Washington."

IN CRUSHING numbers our readers descend upon us demanding an explanation of what seems to have happened to Judith, the devastating heroine of Ernest Haycox's story, "Romance Renewed," in Collier's for May 27th. Judith, as if you didn't know, enters the tale a brunette and comes to a conquering halt in the last paragraph a blonde. We're sorry. About the only place we can exercise any control over women is in these pages and to have muffed one of those rare chances leaves us feeling pretty hollow.

"I HAVE just been reading that prohibition is on its last legs," says Miss Claudia Pilling of San Francisco. "There is nothing new about that. Prohibition was born on its last legs."

DRIVING his car to Warrensburg, Missouri, Mr. Ed Glister of Kansas City happened upon a contented-looking gentleman lolling on the seat of a decrepit buggy, drawn by a meandering mule. Mr. Glister politely asked the buggy rider where he was going. "I dunno," said the man behind the mule. "You don't know?" repeated Mr. Glister. "No, sir, I don't," said the stranger. "I'm lettin' this here animal do the haulin' and the thinkin' too. No matter where he decides to fetch up it's all right with me. He can't take me to no worse places than I been takin' him."

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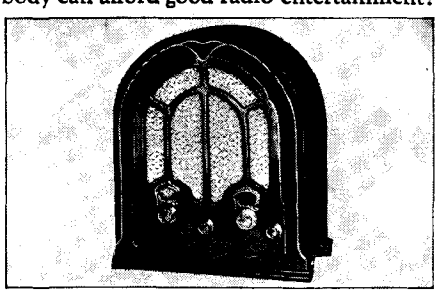

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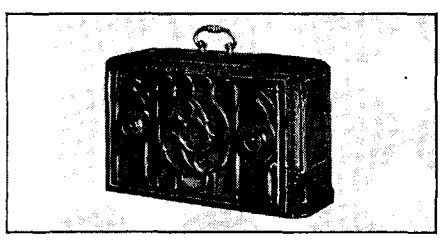

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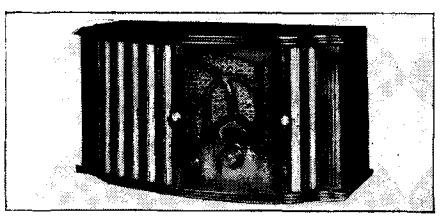

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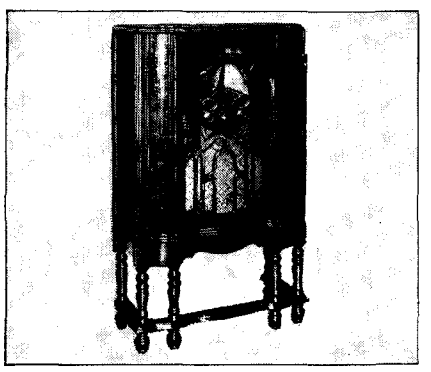

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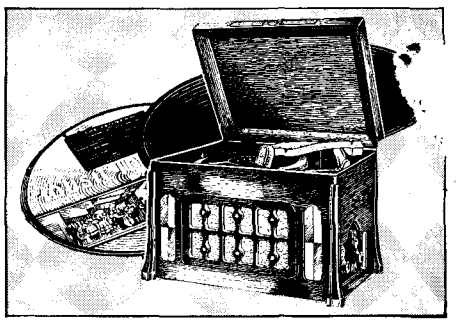

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The most magnificent and most powerful (auditorium volume if desired) musical instrument PHILCO ever designed. Unexcelled for regular broadcast reception — and provides most efficient reception of short-wave bands including the ultra-short waves used in British Empire broadcasts.

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PHILCO 16X (as illustrated) $150. The powerful and versatile 16 chassis is also available in a beautiful Lowboy cabinet—the 16L at $125—and in a cabinet of the Baby Grand type—the 16B at $75.

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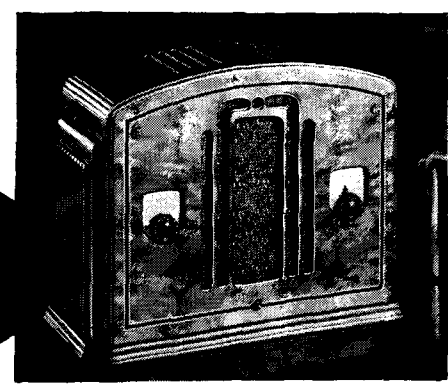

THE first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Dial, Electro-Dynamic Speaker of exceptional tone quality. Operates on Alternating or Direct Current. Tunes not only the regular broadcast stations but also police and airplane short-wave stations up to 3300 kilocycles. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet $25. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) $15.

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HUGH TRACY passed Indian Flat around seven in the morning, traveling fast and feeling only a slight pucker in his right flank where the bullet hole had been three months knitting. High desert sunlight lay in stippled patches along the low, pine-belted ridges and the intervening gulch walls seemed a rawer red than he remembered them to be. Long absence had done this, had begotten a consuming hunger for home soil; thus when Dead Axle grade reached its summit and let him out upon a thousand-foot ledge, the scene rolling off yonder struck him straight between the eyes. Impatient as he was, he stopped to realize the picture that had been in his mind through so many weary days.

It was unchanged. One cotton-white cloud fluff stood overhead in seemingly the same spot such a cloud had been the day of his ambush. The grand old scarps of Mogul and Powder rims—sheer and black faces confronting each other across nine miles of distance—took up a northern march, thinning out into the far-off heat haze. Below and between ran the Powder desert, turned tawny now by summer's ceaseless sun. Halfway up the valley and covered by Mogul's shadow, the buildings of Antelope town created indistinct outlines. Beyond that a lesser spur flanged out from Mogul, only a blue and blurred suggestion; but his eyes rested there longest.

"Well," he mused, "it is still there."

He reached for his tobacco and curled a cigarette with fingers bleached a hospital-white, then pressed down the trail somewhat recklessly. It was a fine feeling—to return erect and sound when he had never expected to return at all. Ninety days ago he had come up this grade on the bottom of a flatbed wagon, lying on a bloody mattress and deep in the fathomless pit a bullet had sent him. All he remembered of it now was like a bad dream—kerosene stench from a lantern, the jolt of the wagon, Bill Vivian's cursed-out rage.

"But I'm back," he told himself. At the bottom of the grade he swung into a road coursing diagonally across the Powder desert toward Antelope. Alkali smell rose off the earth and the miles of sage and mahogany bush and tumbleweed swept away. The Vigilante tree stood alone as it always had. Nothing had changed.

YET even as he said it his eyes found change. The forward-casting glance touched that point on the road where a plank bridge should have crossed Fetterman's dry creek bed, and found no bridge; nothing but charred fragments. Coming up, Hugh Tracy wheeled beside the depression and looked down. First inspection showed him something other than plain fire. In the rubbish were part of a doubletree, some bits of scorched harness, and the iron remnants of a wagon. He studied it until he had the story. And when he had the story, he dipped across the gully and went on. "Recent and plain enough," he muttered. "Harness means horses. Horses means somebody was pullin' a load across the bridge, and got stopped. Forcibly stopped."

She said nothing at all, but he knew purpose when he met it

That first scent of trouble perceptibly changed him and as he pressed on he scanned the surrounding country with a sharper eye, sitting a little stiffer in the saddle. He knew the Powder desert too well to be astonished, yet he had been away from it just long enough to let its antagonisms and violence soften in his mind. Now, less than a half hour after entering the valley, he was bluntly reminded that he had to put up his guard again. His holiday was over and he was back where he had been before the ambusher's bullet felled him.

At thought of it he grinned slightly. He was twenty-five, physically powerful, always restless and unconforming. The lines of his face were square and came to definite endings at chin, mouth and neck. Black-haired, big-boned, he had a manner of tipping his head forward to study whatever stood in front of him, and the deep gray of his eyes was likely to be expressive only when the elements of his temper fused to produce a rough humor or an anger that flashed out hard and rebellious. He never smoothed his words for policy, and his enemies, suffering from those slashing, rough-shod words or from his big, ready fists, hated him thoroughly—as the bullet mark on his body testified.

Yet Bill Vivian had cried openly at sight of Hugh Tracy lying half dead in the flat-bed wagon.

"You bet I'm back," he observed quietly, "and somebody will be interested to know that. Mighty interested."

THUS around high noon Antelope saw him come racking down the dusty street as of old. He sat straight in the saddle, both fists locked in front of him, elbows up. His features were not quite as bronzed as the town remembered, but the gray eyes were as quick and direct and penetrating as ever.

For his part he was surprised at the quiet in Antelope on this, a Saturday afternoon. The hitch racks were mostly unoccupied, the walks deserted. One man slept in a chair beneath the stable arch, a pair idled at the hotel corner; and half a dozen sat on Lou Burkey's saloon porch. Reining beside the porch, he found himself wondering. He knew none of them, which was strange enough in a country where every rider could describe every other rider from memory; and as he stepped to the ground, he found himself carefully considered by all in that peculiar range manner which is level-eyed and without apology. Casually nodding, he spoke:

"Gentlemen, how."

A studied stillness held them. One man tipped his head, another poked back his hat with a thumb; and that was the sum of their answer. Hugh Tracy's mouth corners sagged a little and his stare hardened as he placed those six faces in a corner of his mind for future consideration and pushed through to the saloon's darkened interior.

Lou Burkey stood alone behind his own bar and played solitaire, not look-

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ing up until he had shifted one card and tallied another on its ace.

Hugh Tracy grinned. "Good customer of yours has returned, Lou."

Lou Burkey's face was moon-round and olive, masked by a heavy mustache. At all times it was a good poker face but Hugh, slowly ceasing to smile, saw some powerful thought shift the saloonman into a heavy, self-conscious reserve. Nothing could have been more lackluster than his greeting.

"Hello, Hugh."

"Hard to revive me, after tallyin' me for dead?"

Lou Burkey said: "You're twenty pounds short of what you was."

Tracy shrugged his shoulders. "I'll get that back. Push me over a drink."

Burkey reached around, sent a glass spinning over the bar, placed a bottle carefully beside it. Tracy stared at the single glass, half offended. "What's the matter with you, man? Drink with me. It ain't every day a dead man returns to Antelope."

"No offense. My stomach is poorly." The saloonman turned to the cards and piled them together, beginning a haymow shuffle. The calculated indifference was too obvious to miss.

"What's happened to the usual Saturday gang around here?"

"Busy in the hills this year. Shiftin' cattle. It's been dry."

"Where's Bill Vivian?"

Burkey shook his head. "Ain't heard. Guess he got a sack of grub and took a long pasear for himself."

Hugh Tracy laid a quarter beside his glass, bringing Burkey's eyes right back to him. "And who are those tongue-tied gentlemen out sunnin' their moccasins on your porch?"

"Shadrow's men."

Tracy's glance whipped back from the saloon windows and centered on Lou Burkey. "Look here, is he importing hands—"

"I'm all out of answers," said Lou Burkey. "Hughey, no hard feelin's, if you please. But I'm not your friend. Not these days."

Tracy grunted, suddenly catching on. The rebuff left him without anger. This was Powder desert and this was what he returned to; schemings and contrivings, threats and some form of vengeance by day or night. He ceased to be puzzled. For, without knowing what this game might be, he realized it was a part of an older game never played out. A small contempt of Lou Burkey, of whom he once had thought better, took hold of him. His words went flat.

"I thought something was dead around here."

"CAREFUL," said Burkey, so rapidly that Tracy straightened, half thinking the saloonman meant to make a quarrel of it. But he was mistaken. Burkey's head twitched slightly toward the porch. Out there the murmur of talk had ceased. Tracy grinned and walked casually from the place. The six were postured as they had been before, excepting one man who now stood near the door. Gathering up his reins, Tracy made a general observation to them:

"If you boys work for Tade, don't let him find you wearin' the seats off your britches. Tade's peculiar in that respect."

The man nearest the saloon door struck instantly back. "Who in hell was talkin' to you?"

"And you're not dumb, like I thought," marveled Tracy, ironically. The grin returned, hard and sharp. "Now that you mention it, nobody's talkin' to me. But I'm talkin' to you. Objections?"

The other stood fast, more and more watchful, apparently warned by Tracy's ready sarcasm. Tracy went on: "Better go tell Tade I'm back—that Hugh Tracy is back. He'll love to hear it." He walked the pony over to the stable trough and after a short survey cantered on down the street. He passed a row of poplars, skirted the picket fence of Antelope's graveyard. Looking in, he caught the mark of change once more in the form of a fresh mound of broken dirt; instantly apprehensive—for he was thinking now of Bill Vivian—he rode in and looked down at the new headboard.

It read: "Charley Sullivan.—1893."

THE hocks of Hugh Tracy's horse had no more than beat up Antelope's dust when Lou Burkey came out of his saloon and interrupted the talk passing between the six hands.

"Get this right," said he. "You follow Tracy's advice. Go tell Tade Shadrow that Tracy came back."

"Who the hell is Tracy?"

"Was you longer in this country," said Burkey, "you'd know without doubt. I'm tellin' you. Tade never put you boys here to pick daisies. Let him know about Tracy or he'll take a hack outa your hide. Ain't anybody on the ranch give you the McCoy about Hugh Tracy?"

"No," said the man. "Nobody has. We only went to work for Shadrow a week ago. And he camped us here. All we know is to stand around and wait for orders."

"Well," grunted Burkey, "you didn't hire to punch cows, did you?"

The man gave him a quick, alert glance. "What we hired for is our business."

"You're not foolin' anybody. Antelope knows more about this than you do. We grew up in this grief. You only been lugged into it as paid guns. Don't essay any mystery."

"I was askin' about Tracy," grumbled the man. "What's he got to do with it?"

"Right at this minute he's got everything to do with it," said Burkey. "That fellow's been gone from here the last three months. He's been outside, in a hospital. He got a bullet right in his ribs one day from ridin' too close to the rim."

"Dry-gulched?"

"Well," said Burkey ironically, "you do your guessin'. Anyhow, he never knew who picked him off. Anybody but Tracy it'd killed. So he's back, lookin' for the gun that matches the slug that hit him—and the fellow behind it. Like I say, you better go tell Shadrow he's here."

"Oh," grunted the man. "That's it, uh? What's he got Shadrow wants?"

Burkey's answer was swift enough. "Who said anything about that? You blamed fool, keep your thoughts inside that coco of yours."

"Yeah?" said the man, and added a grinning, "Well, we're glad to know the two is old-time friends. Still, what's this lad Tracy got which anybody else might want?"

"He lives," said Burkey, idly, "on a spur off Mogul down yonder. I've heard it told the only piece of water in ten miles is in Tracy's front yard."

"And how long's this been goin' on?"

Burkey turned into his saloon. "Well, Tracy was shot three months ago, wasn't he?"

The Shadrow hand swung on his partners. "Now maybe this Tracy sport don't know who hit him but he sure had all the earmarks of a fella pointed the right way. I guess I better ride along to the ranch."

The others said nothing as he walked to his horse.

TRACY came out of the graveyard and followed the desert road northward, overshadowed by Mogul's rearing face. Heat fog deepened out on the flat and refracting layers of hot air trembled up from the baking earth. A small bunch of cattle lay widely scattered.

"So it's goodby Charley," he muttered. "A fine fellow and too healthy to die of natural causes. It was a horse that piled him or a man that piled him. And it was mighty odd he should be buried over on the Testervis side of that grave lot. He never'd been a Testervis hand up till three months ago. What's happened in this damned scope of country?"

He had come forty miles since daylight and was a little weary. The gunshot scar now and then knotted the muscles of his flank and he found it harder to swing with the horse. Yet as the road passed under his feet he kept the pony to a steady lope, drawn on by the sight of that foothill flanging out from Mogul ahead. At Twenty Mile Rock he stopped to water at a small spring encased in a bottomless galvanized tub; an hour afterwards he flanked the TS—Tade Shadrow's brand—rim road climbing a fault in Mogul's face.

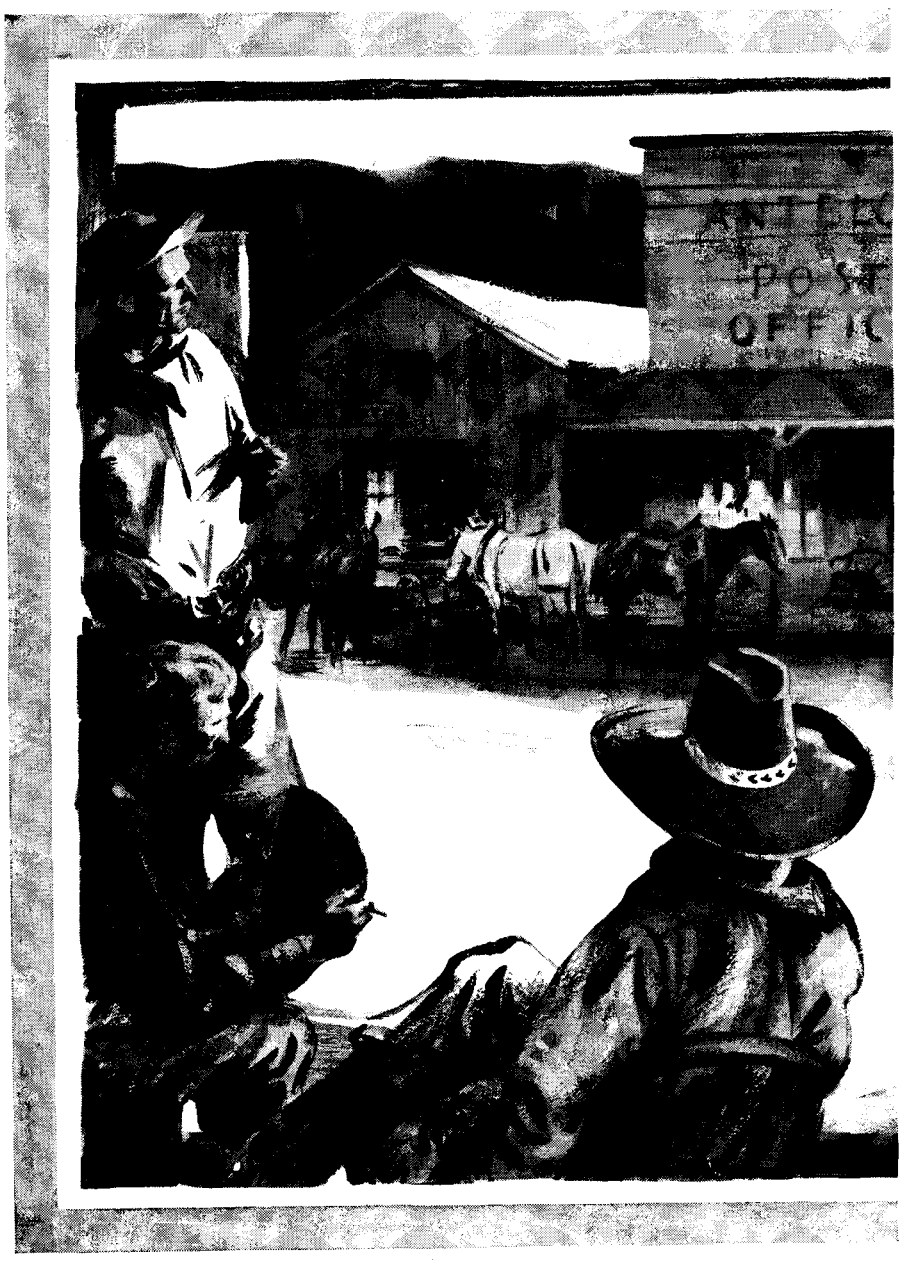
Mogul's parapet and that of Powder across the desert began to descend gently and to spread farther apart, creating a vast bay to the yonder north. Off there the haze was gradually penetrated by the outline of rolling hills; and directly in front, the spur toward which he had been urging the horse all this day flung out its first slopes to meet him. He passed up the incline eagerly, identifying every depression and mark. A considerable stand of pine ran along the spine of the spur. Narrow fingers of verdant growth ran down against the sere, puma-colored bunch grass and hardpan—unvarying sign of water in a dry land.

Three hundred feet off the desert floor and some twelve miles from Antelope, he entered the shade and followed a beaten trail, more eager than he thought he ever could be. Around a bend and within a rimming edge stood a meadow whose surface was occupied by a frame house, a small barn and lesser outbuildings.

"Home is home, in anybody's language." Then a short circle of the path brought him full upon the yard—and all his sense of pleasure died.

AROUND him was the mark of malicious intrusion. Of the fence which he had so painstakingly put up one winter's month there was now no sign except an occasional pole. The wire had been stripped off and carried away, and the wood piled and burned. Prints of cattle hoofs stood throughout the yard, and as he went forward to the watering trough he found the surrounding ground churned to loose mud.

Something had happened in the barn, too, but his immediate thought was of the house. Dismounting, he walked to the porch and faced a wide-open doorway, the door itself wrenched from its hinges and standing awry against the wall. Inside, where all things had been kept with a bachelor's neatness, was ruin. His furniture lay overturned, the wall paper hung down in slashed strips, marauding stock had broken his floor boards. Not a single glass pane remained intact; his bunk frame was torn out of the wall. In the kitchen he found his stove on its side, bedded in



Tracy went on: "Better go tell

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soot, and broken dishes. The cupboard doors were open and the shelves bare.

He stood in the midst of this wreckage, filled with violent fury, big fists clenched and swinging helpless at his sides. And it was a long interval before he stirred from his tracks. Unconsciously methodical, he righted a capsized table and walked slowly back to the porch. Halted there, he made his conclusions.

"Man that shot me came to finish the job."

He crossed to the west end of the porch and stared toward that higher elevation of land where the spur made a juncture with Mogul's plateau. In that direction the glare of the down-plunging sun rose like the red burning of a mountain fire and broad bands of gold swept overhead. Thinking to himself, "In the morning I'll trace these cattle tracks," he turned back to unsaddle his horse; and it was then that the still, hot peace of the ridge was broken by the spanging echo of a rifle shot. The bullet went through the house wall a good ten feet from him with a quick and small and crushing sound.

HIS reaction was immediate. He dropped to the porch, rolled rapidly and fell off the edge. From that protecting angle he raised his head and swept the pines and the higher ground beyond the rim of Mogul. Closely watching, he caught the lifting flash of a metal bit hidden somewhere in the rock litter, perhaps six hundred yards removed.

"Won't have to wait for morning," grunted Tracy. Rising, he made a run for his horse.

Between porch and horse was a space of forty yards within the marksman's direct range. Charging across the yard, he expected a following shot to reach out after him; but none came and he threw himself into the saddle with a small sense of relief. He aimed at the trees, reached these safely and spurred up a trail.

He was badly stung; and when so he was reckless. Thus he went full tilt, relying on his first judgment as to the other man's whereabouts; not stopping until the pines thinned out into a rocky area encircled by a wall rising sharply some thirty feet.

AT THIS point he reined behind a buck-brush clump and studied the parapet closely. The trail he now occupied surmounted that high ground by way of a fissure, but he rejected the approach, knowing the marksman was somewhere within shooting distance of the spot. The only other way of getting on top of the rim was by a fan-shaped causeway of rubble about a hundred yards ahead. Swinging his horse, he raced for it.

It exposed him again. Riding well over in the saddle, he watched the parapet jealously, and when he hit the foot of the causeway it was with spurs biting in, to reach the rim's top at a rush. Nothing stood in front of him. Mogul's sweep of plateau was bare as far as he could see; yet the next moment he fell from the saddle and started off on the run, revolver lifted. Throwing himself into a gully, he followed it quite a distance and rose behind a rock cone. Powder desert lay far below and his own house was in sight. Halted, he thought he heard the stir of a body beyond the cone.

His answer was to reach for a small rock, throw it to the right of the cone and himself lunge around the left side, revolver lifted again. What he saw so shocked him that the weapon sagged in his fist. A woman knelt there—a woman not long out of girlhood. She had a rifle in her arms, a rifle swinging around to cover him. Behind the lined sights were the most alive and interesting gray-blue eyes Hugh Tracy had ever seen—crowded now by an enormous anger. She said nothing at all, but he knew purpose when he met it and he guessed that the small white finger resting on the trigger had squeezed out most of the slack. Motionless, he drawled a quiet phrase:

"If you can't find horns on the beast, it ain't legal to shoot him."

Her reply was a quick shift of her head. She lifted her eyes from the sights, caught his face. Next moment the rifle fell away. A queer rush of breath came from her throat, a faint and startled "Oh!" and a widening glance swept him head and foot. "Were you down at that house when—when I fired?" she demanded.

"Exactly. Now, do you locate any antlers on me?"

She shook her head with the air of not hearing him. Color went from her clear cheeks and came back again to stain them more deeply. Her eyes met his return inspection, remarkably direct and honest.

"Would you believe me," she asked swiftly, "if I said I had no intention of hitting you?"

"I have been shot at before," said Hugh cheerfully, "but not by women, as a rule. Certainly I believe you. What's this all about?"

"No," she broke in, holding steadily to her point, "you don't understand yet what I mean. Supposing you were the man I thought was down there. Would you believe I hadn't shot to kill you—but only to warn?"

"The bullet hit ten feet to one side," said Tracy. "Are you good enough shot to miss deliberately?"

"The bullet struck where I wanted it to," retorted the girl.

"But I wasn't the right man?"

"No."

Tracy said: "That's different."

"What are you thinking?"

"That the rest of this affair is entirely none of my business."

Her lips tightened and he saw a quicker breathing disturb her breast.

"You are wrong," said she, throwing the contradiction at him.

"About it being none of my business?"

"No. About the reason why you thought it was none of your business."

THAT frankness astonished him. The grave, weighing glance clung to him without confusion; and in the interval Hugh Tracy was warmed by an agreeable discovery. This girl was close to being a beauty. He was aware of a fine and rounded modeling of body, a lithe strength apparent in her carriage. She was straight and slim and poised. A man's shirt, open at the throat, showed the graceful swell of shoulder and breasts. The coloring of her eyes, accented by the low-slung brim of her hat, created one long shadow across a face slightly triangular. All the feminine softness was there, but made striking by small, high cheekbones, and by the further symmetrical contour of neck and temple. Edges of ash-blond hair showed beneath the hat. And beyond these swiftly registered impressions was a far stronger one of alertness and vitality.

She disturbed him with another short, direct question:

"Well, what are you going to do next?"

"Nothing," said Hugh, "except go home and forget it. But look here. I have lived around the Powder a number of years without noticing anybody of your description. Who are you?"

"Lynn Isherwood. Do you know any more about me now?"

He thought about it, shook his head. "Closest Isherwoods I know live away over in Malheur County."

"No relation. My branch lived in Nevada."

"Visiting here?"

"Staying here," said the girl, with a sort of breathless emphasis.

"Where?"

SHE didn't answer immediately, but slowly pivoted on her heels and looked down at his ranch lying beneath the gathered twilight. Powder desert shifted to a blue, limitless gulf and Powder rim across the flat stood in this brief hour with every gigantic embattlement dripping cobalt color. First evening's cool came gently out of the west; the jagged edges of the broken ground around them slowly took on the shape of night. The girl swung back, definite features marred by a faint erasure of wistfulness.

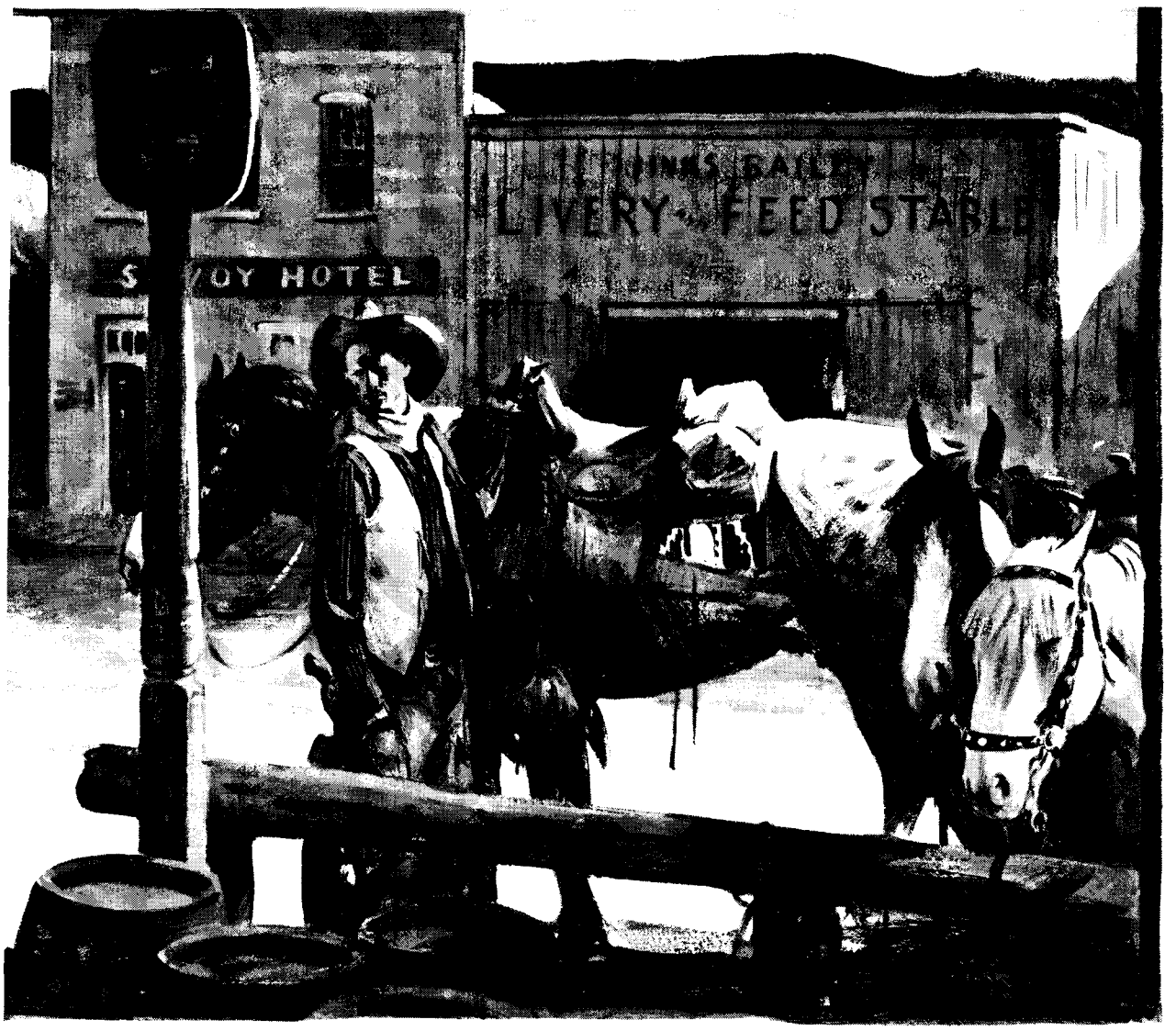
"I think I had better not tell you where I live."

He lifted his palms in a gesture of resignation and the girl spoke again:

"Isn't it my turn now? Who are you?"

"To wit: Hugh Tracy, owner of that yonder piece of land on which you plunked a shot."

(Continued on page 34)



Tade I'm back—that Hugh Tracy is back. He'll love to hear it"

Illustrated by Matt Clark

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Now, Pop—

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

The room was darker than a raccoon's eye. Within its velvety shadows were Winnie Fozzle—and one of Winnie's suitors. Approaching, for the attack, was Mr. Fozzle, familiarly known as "Pop." Prepare for drama

MR. FOZZLE was no engineer. But he knew his way round a railroad flat, so called because it consisted of small rooms strung along like box cars on a siding and paralleled by a hall. Mr. Fozzle thundered up that hall like a trick elephant sauntering on inverted butter tubs. His destination was the living-room. His point of departure was the kitchen, where he had just reached farthest north in his electric refrigerator in search of a sardine. Reason for Mr. Fozzle's ponderous pilgrimage: he had heard no suspicious noises.

Mr. Fozzle demanded noises when his attractive daughter entertained attracted young men in the living-room. Silence was his music cue. Many a young man had been halled, staired and streeted for nothing more sinister than trying to economize on the Fozzle electric light bill while looping an admiring elbow around Winnie Fozzle's waistline.

"Get 'im outta there," bellowed Mr. Fozzle at the threshold of the living-room, which was darker than a raccoon's eye. "Get 'im out before I scruff 'im by the neck. I'm fifty years old and I ain't counting the five years I went barefoot on the farm. But I'll scruff 'im. It's time for decent people to be in bed and young fellers to be somewhere else. Get 'im out."

"Now, Pop," pleaded a sweet voice from the darkness, "why don't you retire? It's only me and Eddie. Now, Pop."

"Eddie?" Pop yelled. "Who's Eddie? That's a new one. Turn on the lights and let's see who's Eddie. I'll break an egg on his head and beat it till it's fluffy. Turn 'em on and get 'im out."

"Now, Pop!" Winnie turned on the lights with a dexterity born of long practice. Eddie blinked in the glare like a mine mule. He was good-looking as young fellows go. He was going.

"So that's Eddie?" Mr. Fozzle snorted under a three-coat paint job of sarcasm. "Well, Eddie, you asked for it and I got it. Eddie, aim, fire." Mr. Fozzle arched a right hand through the air that didn't slow up for curves. It swished like a colonial dame snubbing a rival. If it had landed it would have been ten at the residence and eleven at the church for Eddie. It didn't connect. Nothing landed but Mr. Fozzle, who won the diving championship on a large imitation Persian rug. Like all amateur fighters and Sunday drivers he had stuck out his right hand before making a left turn and had ditched himself. All Eddie had done was to raise his left shoulder and drop his chin.

ON THE floor Mr. Fozzle stared up at him in well-modulated disgust. It was the first game he had lost on the home grounds in years. But that didn't stop production. While Winnie screamed, "Now, Pop," her popper arose and swung in one motion. He missed that boat too. He landed on the other side of the room and paused to take stock. His powder was dry but his aim was damp. Eddie was lighting a cigarette.

"Now, Pop, it's Eddie," Winnie was shouting screamingly. But Pop was intent on his third and last strike. He wound up to let the big one go—

"Now, Pop!"

It was Mrs. Fozzle in the door of the room. And Pop nowed. He quieted down like birds at twilight. His wife had been awakened by her husband's two times at the bat. She was a little lady with silvery hair and an authoritative voice that could compel a hungry lion to lengthen its jump over a zebra and claim it was playing leapfrog. "Now, Pop," she continued, "apologize to the young man."

"Apologize?" Mr. Fozzle mutterized. "What for? The coward ducked."

"Now, Pop," repeated Mrs. Fozzle and her husband said he was sorry. He didn't mention whether his sorrow was due to swinging or missing. Probably ten per cent of the first and the rest was all profit.

"HELLO, Eddie." This time it was the heir to the senior Fozzle temper, age fifteen and clad in a storm-proof flannel nightgown. He was looking over his mother's shoulder. "Is Pop giving you a work-out for next Friday night at the Garden? I got tickets for it."

"Howdy, Rodge. How did you get the ducats? I thought I promised you a couple. Buy them?"

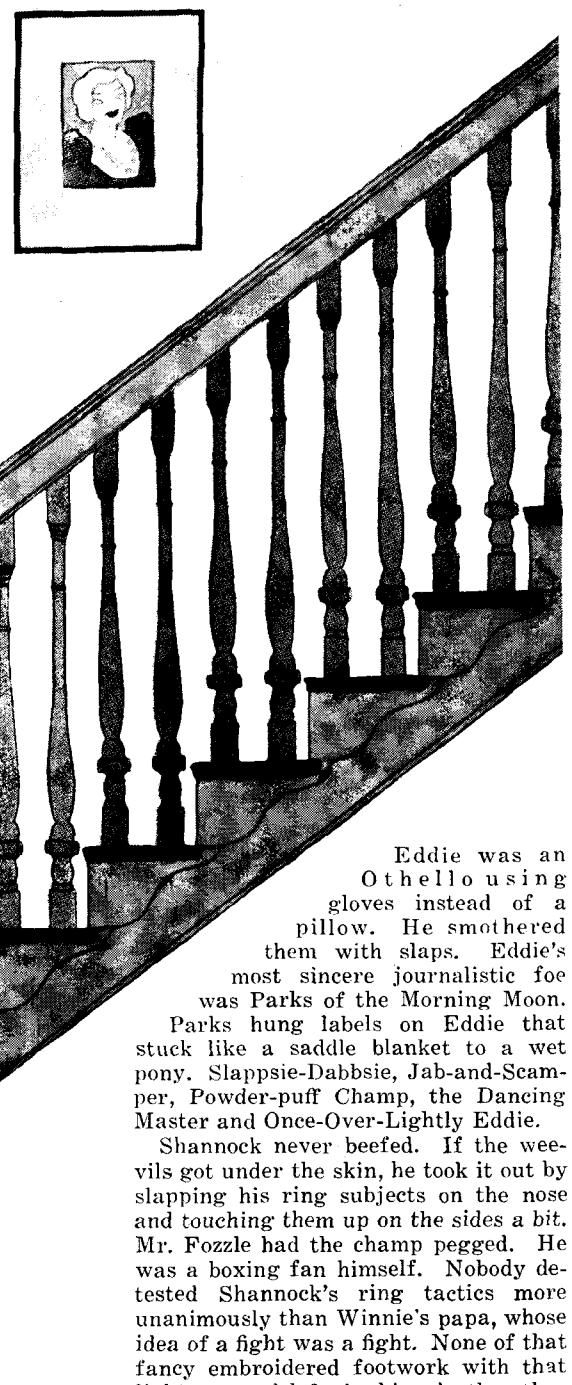
"No, I didn't buy—I got 'em from—that is I—" Rodge's double-jointed explanation was eliminated by a look from Winnie.

"What's this about fights and tickets?" asked Mr. Fozzle of anybody. Mrs. Fozzle must have known, for she said good night and retreated.

"Pop, this is Mr. Shannock, my boy friend," said Winnie. Her boy friend stuck out his hand and drew it back quickly when Pop showed no indication of shaking and breaking clean. Now Pop knew. Mr. Shannock's left ear was blooming out of season. He had a nice set of shoulders which started high on his neck and proceeded east and west on regular schedule. There was a slight detour on the bridge of his nose that wasn't the result of tight-fitting spectacles.

Mr. Shannock was light-heavyweight champion of the world by reason of slapping many husky opponents to a white blister and then breaking the blister. He never knocked anybody out but could annoy a man more than back alimony. He was not a popular champ. Magnificent boxing, beautiful footwork and an orchard of left jabs meant nothing when Vox Populi demanded murder in the afternoon and homicide at night. The fans booed him until he learned to like it. He shellacked his men for the duration of the short wars and then left the ring smiling to hoots and bowing to hisses. The bugs wanted to see him knocked stonier than a mountain brook and paid to view the cherished spectacle of Eddie on the floor, his opponent on the floor or even the referee sprawling unconscious with legs akimbo.

But nobody ever sat on the floor of any ring in which Eddie fought except the man who sewed down the canvas in the afternoon. The big-time boxing writers were very unfair to a great exponent of the selfish art of manly defense. They took their tempo from the fans and panned him in vituperative gravy. He made money because he grew to be a bad habit the public couldn't break. His opponents got so sick of smelling leather they wouldn't allow their wives to carry pocketbooks.



"Winnie," roared Mr. Fozzle from the head of the steps, "chase your boy friend home. But not all the way. Just as far as the door"

Eddie was an Othello using gloves instead of a pillow. He smothered them with slaps. Eddie's most sincere journalistic foe was Parks of the Morning Moon. Parks hung labels on Eddie that stuck like a saddle blanket to a wet pony. Slappsie-Dabbsie, Jab-and-Scamper, Powder-puff Champ, the Dancing Master and Once-Over-Lightly Eddie.

Shannock never beefed. If the weevils got under the skin, he took it out by slapping his ring subjects on the nose and touching them up on the sides a bit. Mr. Fozzle had the champ pegged. He was a boxing fan himself. Nobody detested Shannock's ring tactics more unanimously than Winnie's papa, whose idea of a fight was a fight. None of that fancy embroidered footwork with that light, toasted left dunking in the other man's coffee cup. He liked a Queensberry tornado with both men slugging until the petals fell from the memorial wreaths. He could punch some himself when he landed, and remembered he was still entitled to his third strike. He

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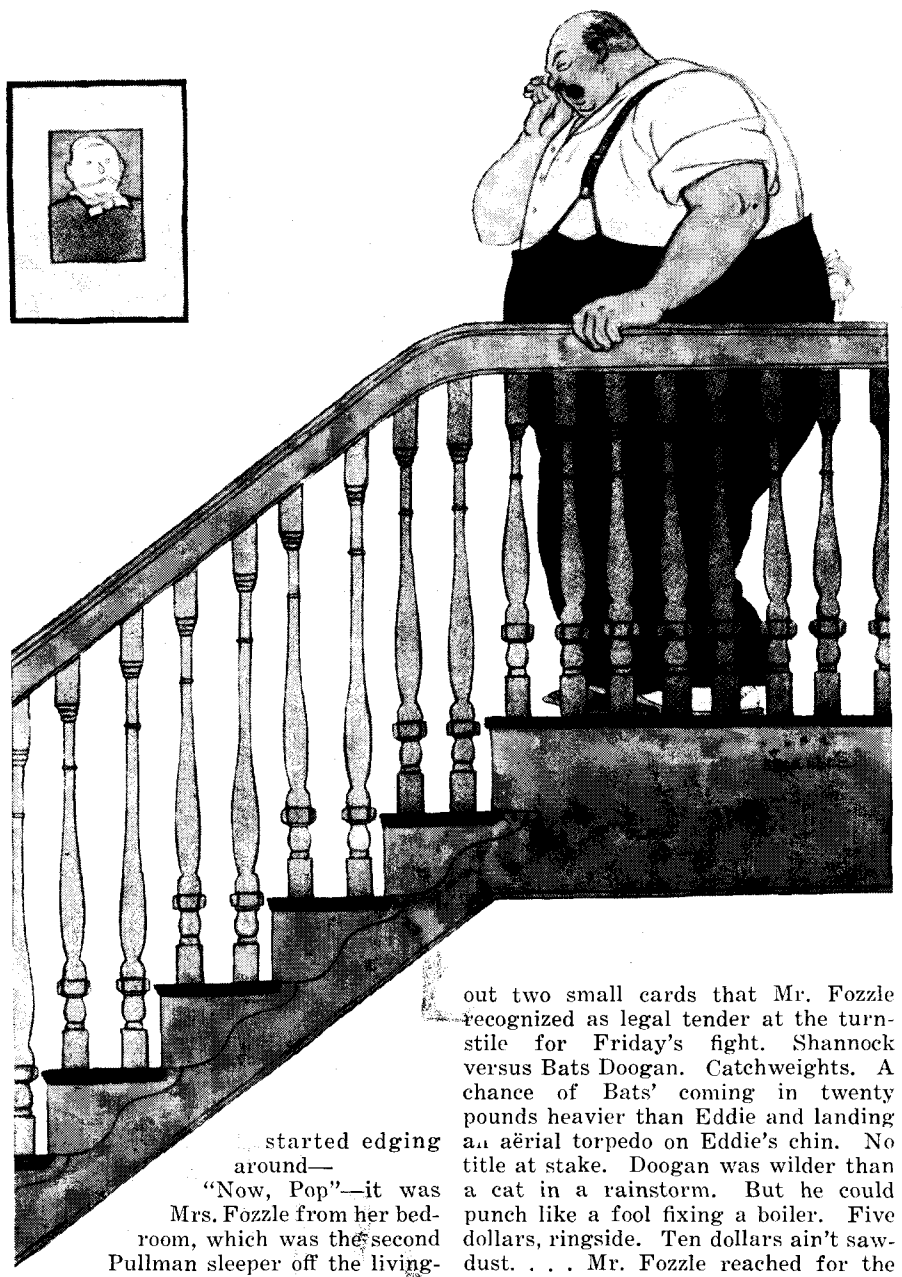

started edging around—

"Now, Pop"—it was Mrs. Fozzle from her bedroom, which was the second Pullman sleeper off the living-room—"come to bed and leave Winnie with her young man. Come along, Rodge. Winnie can say goodby to her young man downstairs. Good night, young man."

The young man said good night. The battle beacons in Pop's eyes simmered down but he still had a pilot light smoldering there like a gas stove at night.

"So long, Eddie"—this was Rodge starting off for the hay. "I'll be plugging for you Friday night. Knock that mugg's ears down."

"They'll be right on his shoulders like epaulets," Eddie replied. "So long."

Mr. Fozzle stood there looking at the sweeties. The pins in his war maps faded to pale lavender when Eddie fumbled in an upper vest pocket and pulled out two small cards that Mr. Fozzle recognized as legal tender at the turnstile for Friday's fight. Shannock versus Bats Doogan. Catchweights. A chance of Bats' coming in twenty pounds heavier than Eddie and landing an aërial torpedo on Eddie's chin. No title at stake. Doogan was wilder than a cat in a rainstorm. But he could punch like a fool fixing a boiler. Five dollars, ringside. Ten dollars ain't sawdust. . . . Mr. Fozzle reached for the tickets and mumbled thanks that sounded like a cannibal's grace. Eddie explained, "I mooched these ducats—tickets, I mean—for Rodge, Mr. Fozzle, but he got his. Winnie tells me you're a fight bug—fan, I mean—do you care for them?"

Mr. Fozzle had 'em with the first right hand that had landed on its mark that night. It irked the Big Chief when he remembered he had missed two belts of peace earlier. This time he had to shake hands with Eddie and he worked up a smile that was a marvel of plastic surgery.

"I'll be there," he said. "I'm sorry about tonight. I mistook you for that radio denouncer. You ain't fighting until Friday. How about dropping in on us tomorrow night?"

"NOW, Pop"—it was Mrs. Fozzle's determined curfew. Pop said good night. Winnie and Eddie started down the steps. Winnie came back and whispered to her father, "Do you really mean for Eddie to call tomorrow night, Pop?"

"Sure, Winnie, any time. And when he gets here you don't have to turn on the lights. I'll have to sneak up on that guy in the dark."

Pop went back to his sardine whaling in the kitchen. The younger generation headed down one flight for the vestibule on the street level. On the way down Winnie took off her long earrings. She didn't want them to rattle when Eddie hugged her. He was terrific in a clinch, as Parks had often reminded readers of the Morning Moon. In the chummy gloom of the vestibule Eddie huddled in a neutral corner. Winnie cuddled and Eddie started out the door. Winnie grabbed his arm. Cuddling is best when it's a duet.

"Aren't you going to say good night, Eddie?"

"Sure, good night."

"What's wrong? Pop didn't mean anything. He's always that way at first—"

"It isn't your dad. Who's that radio announcer he cracked about? First it's a movie actor and then it's radio announcers. Did he promise you an audition? Are you falling for that bunk? What's his name?"

"Eddie, you know him. It's only Mack Gramm. I sat next to him the night you fought that Spider fellow. He let me say hello to Mom over the air. It isn't my fault I sat next to him. You gave me the ticket."

"I didn't give him a ticket to come up here."

"He won't be back."

"Neither will I. I was looking for you over Spider's shoulder in the seventh and he ups with an inside right that almost rips my head off its hinges. I thought I heard somebody say 'Hello, Mom,' but I thought it was me. So it was you, was it? I'll make that Gramm say 'Hello, Uncle.' I'm looking for you and you're hello-momming with a punk who raps me on the air. He said I couldn't knock a boy off a bicycle. It was a national hook-up. How would you like to be insulted over both networks? Good night."

This time it looked like the final gong. It might have been if Winnie hadn't stepped in and clinched. Winnie's head reached to about Eddie's top vest button. He was a head taller. But being a scientific fighter he ducked.

"Winnie," roared Mr. Fozzle from the head of the steps, "chase your boy friend home. But not all the way. Just as far as the door." Then he retreated to the kitchen. He had cleaned out the sardines from Alpha to Izzard but he wanted to see if there were any fins left. Even with his head in the icebox Mr. Fozzle always left one ear out for a telephone call.

A KISS, and any quarrel is over until the next one. "Here's your ticket," said Eddie, handing it over and pulling it back quickly. "It's next to Gramm, so you trade with your father. He can sit alongside Gramm, who'll be glad to see somebody who can knock a kid off a velocipede. You can go with your mother if she wants to see a fight. Say, who gave Rodge tickets after I promised 'em? I know Gramm didn't, because he don't rate more than one. That guy couldn't describe a fight if he was sitting in Custer's lap. Who got bighearted?"

When Eddie was excited his voice got higher. He grabbed his dearie by both elbows and tied her up in the rough way he handled a slugger. Winnie didn't answer. She liked being roughed. But when Eddie suddenly side-stepped and started for the great outdoors she spoke:

"It was that newspaper man who sat on the other side of me that night, Eddie. Mr. Gramm introduced us and he was very nice."

"Newspaper man?" Eddie was now a coloratura soprano. "There's a lot of newspaper men. Too many. What's his name?"

"I think it was Parks—he works on the Morn—"

"Parks?" Edward's voice was so high he could have used John McCormack for a tuning fork. Upstairs, Mr. Fozzle paused in the delectable act of draining the last of the sardine oil from the crank case. Mr. Fozzle was impartial about his foraging. If he couldn't get fish he would take soup. "Parks?" Mr. Fozzle heard that, too, but Eddie's voice

(Continued on page 39)

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Leaping on Mr. Fozzle's back, Eddie threw both arms around his neck and yelled, "Now, Pop!"

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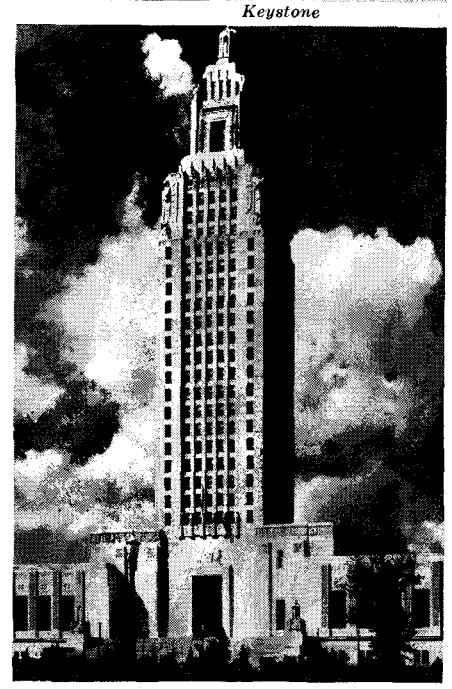
Catching up with Huey

By Walter Davenport

A couple of years ago, before it became fashionable to have a brave new world every morning, the government started to investigate Huey P. Long, proprietor and general manager of the State of Louisiana. And now, apparently, it wishes it hadn't. In the middle of an astonishing inquiry, the committee quit cold and went into a shuddering silence. Why? Louisiana would like to know. Will it finish what it started? Who wouldn't like to know? Whatever happens will be quite a lesson to somebody

Keystone



Keystone

Top, Huey takes it from Jim Farley at Warm Springs. Below, the mysterious Mr. Seymour Weiss, who told the U. S. Senate to mind its own business, in conference with Counsel Huey Long. At the right is Huey's monument to himself, the new capitol at Baton Rouge. It cost $5,500,000

IT WAS just after Huey Pierce Long of Louisiana had defeated Joseph E. Ransdell in the fall of 1929 for the latter's seat in the United States Senate that someone in New Orleans wrote a nasty letter to no less a personage than Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury.

Whoever did it did not love Mr. Long, who had just arrived in his home state to a political dominance amounting to proprietorship. Politically the state smelled like a night club at sunrise. In rising to his current power Mr. Long, governor at the time, had not removed obstacles or avoided them; he had merely lowered his curly red head and, nobly assisted by a crew that prided itself on its genius for leaving nothing unpleasant undone, crashed barrier after barrier, leaving only splinters, and very few of those.

Among the rich mysteries with which we shall deal here, the letter is one. Who wrote it, how many persons signed it, its actual contents and what proof, if any, it carried, is still a secret of the Treasury Department. But we may take it that its author or authors and its sponsors were of sufficient weight to save it from the wastebasket fate of so many such letters. We know this: that it made certain representations about Mr. Long's income and asked that the Bureau of Internal Revenue compare it with Mr. Long's income tax returns.

That we may be utterly fair about all this, you must remember that Mr. Mellon was a Republican. Too, that the White House was occupied by Mr. Hoover, another Republican. Furthermore, at that time the Republican party was beginning to bestir itself about the coming Presidential elections. Mr. Long was achieving national renown, if not importance. And inasmuch as he was a Democrat whose influence in the South and probably in the West might be inimical to the Republican hopes of retaining the favor of a large number of Democrats who had abandoned their party to support Mr. Hoover in 1928, it was thought worth while to destroy Mr. Long while he was yet young.

And so it happened that in January, 1932, a few carefully chosen investigators for the Internal Revenue Bureau arrived in New Orleans to make a preliminary survey of the scene and to be joined later by assistants should the situation warrant. Before the year ended as many as forty of these gentlemen were roaming the sixty-four parishes (counties) of Louisiana, shaking their heads and making occasional calls at the offices of Mr. Long's political enemies, saying, among other things, that "it beats all."

Early in this investigation into the so-called private affairs of Huey Long there was a feeling in certain quarters that the whole thing was a political maneuver. Two or three liberal Republicans in the United States Senate went so far as to send an investigator of their own to Louisiana that they might enjoy the benefit of a private report. They commissioned their man to find out, among other things, whether Mr. Long was a sincere liberal or just a political swashbuckler bent on making as much noise as possible or whether, after all, there was reason to believe that the above mentioned letter was not just a spite note. Thus instructed, he spent a few weeks in Louisiana. And when he returned he, too, was mumbling that "it beats all."

Mr. Long Refuses to Worry

His report was to the effect that while Mr. Long certainly could not be classified with such conservatives within his own party as Senators Swanson, McKellar, Pittman, Harrison and Barkley, it would be silly for the Norrises, the La Follettes, the Johnsons and the rest of the liberal bloc to make ready to embrace a brother. Moreover, the report had it, Mr. Long's rule in Louisiana had done the state about as little good as possible and that there was reason to believe that the day was not far away when Mr. Long would be accused of virtually every known political crime. Which is exactly what has happened. After reading the report, the inquiring liberals agreed to abandon Mr. Long to whatever fate had in store for him.

Not that Huey cared. In Louisiana it was taken for granted that the moment Mr. Hoover was displaced by a Democrat, which was regarded as a certainty, the government's sleuths would be called off and Huey would have nothing to do but extend his power to the country at large. Even those citizens whose love for Huey was not blind were of the opinion that after Huey had arrived in Washington to take his seat in the Senate it wouldn't make much difference whether we had a President or not. If the President didn't do what Huey said, he would find the locks on the White House changed some evening and all the keys in Huey's desk.

So Mr. Long and his political playmates were not more than mildly interested when the investigators arrived with everything from finger-print powder and slide rules to adding machines and a battery of notaries public. And Huey went up and down the country uttering deafening blasts against Mr. Hoover and urging that Mr. Mellon be thoroughly searched before being permitted to leave the Treasury Department.

And that you might know that Mr. Long was not lacking reasons for his assurance, it is meet and right that the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt's managers, Mr. Jim Farley and Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, be revealed. When the enemies of Mr. Long, a much politer company than his friends, besought Mr. Farley and Colonel Howe before the Chicago convention not to put the official stamp on Huey's régime in Louisiana by recognizing his hand-picked delegation, they were told in effect:

"Yes, yes, we know all about Senator Long and the investigations and the charges and the elections and everything. But we are now interested in delegates, not data. He is for Frank Roosevelt; your anti-Long delegates might flop to Al Smith if given the

Aspects of a Statesman:—

Keystone

Speech!

Wide World

Interest

Keystone

Amusement

Wide World

Hi-yah!

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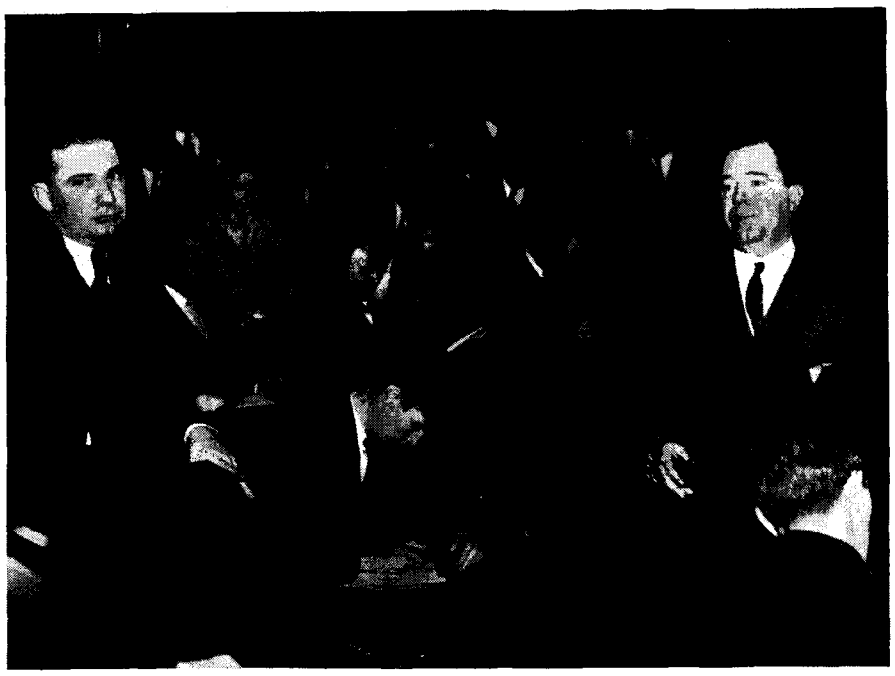

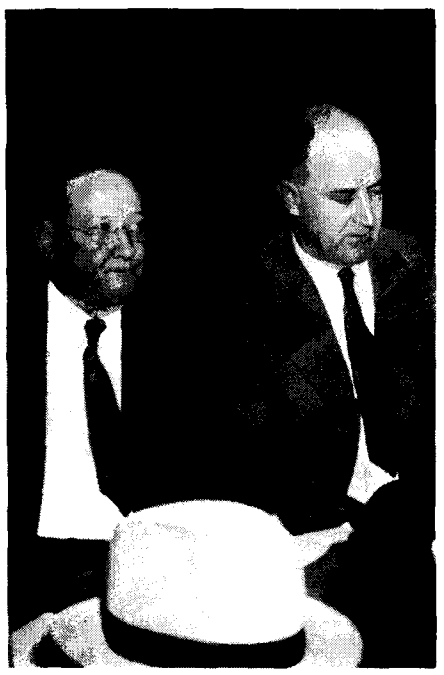

Keystone

Above, Brother Huey puts a few questions to Brother Earl for the benefit of the Howell Committee. Below, left, Huey's colleague, Senator John Overton, whose election started the fireworks. At the right is the defeated candidate, Edwin S. Broussard, with Brother Julius Long, his counsel

slightest encouragement. We recognize Senator Long—in Chicago, anyway. Drop in sometime after inauguration."

To the surprise of Huey's Louisiana machine and considerably to his own chagrin, the investigation did not cease with the election and the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. What may have been started for political capital had become a public scandal. The government had started something that not even a change in government dared to drop. There were too many high-minded people in Louisiana volunteering to help and determined that once started the longed-for investigation should not be allowed to be abandoned. There were too many indisputable facts of misrule to be ignored.

For the second time in his political career Huey was threatened with disaster. When he was governor the House of Representatives of the state legislature had impeached him. He was saved by the Senate, fifteen members of which declared that they would not convict him, whatever the evidence might be, because they were sitting in extraordinary session and that such proceedings might not be brought except in regular session.

And now his power was being threatened again. There was no way of predicting what might happen if his investigators were to go the entire length of their powers. To stop this threat was going to be much more difficult than the impeachment. The state was financially in ruins, the banks upon which Huey had depended for his millions of dollars' worth of bond flotations were either closed, closing or in rebellion. The old grip that he had held upon the rural districts was weakening. His salvation rested with the discredited New Orleans ring, an alliance which he had bought with state moneys. And even in New Orleans his popularity was decreasing in direct ratio with the state's growing inability to pour money into that city. Huey was in trouble. What had started as a survey of Mr. Long's personal wealth and how he came by it was now augmented by a general if occasionally tepid inquiry into the astonishing election machinery that propelled the Long political chariot, the finances of the campaigns of Huey and all his candidates, the activities of the stout lads who protected him against the physical assaults of those who wanted to know whether his skull fractured easily, the relationship of Louisiana's state banks and the Long rule in Baton Rouge. And so on and on.

The Mystery of the Holland Report

Since the launching of that first more or less tentative exploration into the Long finances early in 1932 and including the researchings of a completely independent platoon of Federal detectives who were supposed to feed facts to the United States Senate's special committee on campaign expenditures in Louisiana (the asthmatic Howell Committee) not fewer than six of the government's star sleuths have been hustled at various times from various sections of the country to take command of the evidence hunt that is still in progress in Louisiana. As far as I know, at least six reports have been forwarded to Washington. The latest one of general scope was written by the industrious and experienced Mr. John G. Holland, investigator for the Department of Justice, who was directing the sleuthing activities of the Howell Committee.

What Mr. Holland reported remains so solemn a mystery that even members of Congress who have had little trouble liquidating their curiosity about other so-called secrets of the government's investigators are being denied the entertainment of knowing what it contains; they can't get within telescope range of it. Probably no investigation the government has made in recent years is being so jealously guarded as this one. In Louisiana they will assure you that the recent abortive effort of the Senate to make it a high crime to reveal or publish state documents was nothing more nor less than a design to protect Huey Long from embarrassment and thereby relieve him of the necessity of getting out a villainous Black Book he is supposed to possess and reading therefrom the secret political histories of a dozen senators whose constituencies might expect them to line up against Senator Long if Huey's political continuance became a matter of a Senate vote. You are, of course, permitted to view this theory with some cynicism; but it remains a pressed-steel fact that not even the State Department's most delicate foreign correspondence is more assiduously guarded than are these Long reports.

That they lack certain important sections is understood when you know that on November 20, 1932, Mr. Holland, then chief of the government's Louisiana investigators, wrote to Mr. Seymour Weiss asking for a few facts. Mr. Weiss is president of the New Orleans Dock Board, was a director of the now defunct Union Indemnity Company which had a monopoly on the bonding of all state contractors and contracts, and is treasurer, purser and guardian of the Long machine's political funds. Mr. Holland merely asked Mr. Weiss to "submit to the committee a statement under oath containing complete and detailed information concerning each and every receipt or contribution received by you in connection with the Louisiana senatorial election of September, 1932 . . . whether or not such receipts or contributions were made by cash or by check, draft or otherwise . . . also each and every expenditure made by you in connection with the Louisiana senatorial primary of September, 1932 . . . and stating the purpose for which each expenditure was made."

Mr. Weiss ignored Mr. Holland's letter. Mr. Weiss was doing more than ignoring Mr. Holland; he was snubbing the United States Senate inasmuch as it repeatedly was pointed out that the Howell Committee, although sitting in New Orleans, was the United States Senate.

Again, on December 5, Mr. Holland repeated his request, having heard nothing from Mr. Weiss. No answer. On December 18, Mr. Holland tried again. Mr. Weiss continued to ignore. So Mr. Holland was compelled to submit his report without the data he could get from only one person—Mr. Weiss. Personal calls upon Mr. Weiss availed Mr. Holland nothing. Mr. Weiss wasn't interested to the extent of discussing the situation. He was not, to use his own words, prepared "to give anybody any statement under oath about anything."

'Twas None of the Senate's Business

And when the Howell Committee asked him to discuss the matter on the stand together with where and how he kept and disbursed his funds, Mr. Weiss blandly informed the committee—the United States Senate—that it was none of its business. Whether the moneys on which the Long organization thrived were kept in a bank, in a bank vault, under a rock or in Mr. Weiss' shoes was none of the committee's business. Mr. Weiss, a far more valiant man than Huey, bluntly said so.

Obviously, then, there was nothing for the United States Senate, as represented by the committee, to do but concede that the financial affairs of the Huey Long machine in Louisiana were "none of its business" and adjourn. Which it did shortly after Mr. Weiss put it in its place.

But we proceed too fast and too generally. The state of Louisiana was aswarm with government sleuths. Some were following apparently endless (and never hot) trails after the personal income of Senator Long. It was no paper chase. Checks bearing the handwriting of the senator were so uncommon as to be regarded by the investigators as items that would one day become the pursuit of collectors of the uncommonly rare, like the signature of Button Gwinnett or 3.2 beer. Written contracts

(Continued on page 45)

Keystone

Reverie

© International

Iced Coffee

Wide World

Oh Yeah?

Keystone

The Thinker

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Master of Arts

By Elmer Davis

Marian Hollins was a reception clerk—beautiful, young, clever. . . . And poor. . . . Now go on with the story

IN THE offices of the Cosmic Mining Corporation, Marian Hollins was the front and J. B. Grandine was the works. This is what is known as the division of labor, and it was a pretty smart division at that. Grandine's name was known on four continents, and he had been called a wicked old pirate in a dozen languages. Everybody around the C. M. C. was afraid of him, and even people who called to see him by appointment usually felt a slight premonitory chill. But before they saw him they saw Miss Hollins, and they always felt better after that.

She sat in the railed enclosure outside the executive offices, at a desk equipped with a telephone and a push button and a pad of blanks inscribed "Mr. . . . To see. . . . About. . . ." and a triangular brass block that read "Information." She looked like a morning in May, and her politely inquiring "Yes?" sounded like something by Debussy; and if she felt superior to her job, you'd never have known it. She was a voice, a smile, a fragrance, all hired for eighteen dollars a week; whatever else she was or wasn't—her background, her history, her private life if she had any—was of no concern to the C. M. C.

She'd worked there for months before J. B. Grandine ever saw her; he went up and down in his private elevator, and never passed the receptionist's desk at all. But one morning he happened to come in by the front door; and Miss Hollins, seeing a savage-looking old man with craggy eyebrows approaching her desk, greeted him with a politely inquiring "Yes?" that recalled him from a mental computation of the loss he'd let himself in for on that Bolivian tin development.

"HUH?" he barked. Then, realizing who she was—"I work here," he told her curtly; and pushed through the gate and plowed on toward the president's office. Miss Hollins looked after him in consternation. She knew him now, of course; she'd seen his picture in the papers. Just because he never came in through the front door she hadn't remembered in time—but a really good receptionist would have remembered. Maybe she wasn't superior to her job; maybe her job was superior to her. The way he'd glared at her— He couldn't reasonably hold it against her that she hadn't recognized him; but if J. B. Grandine was always reasonable about things a lot of office gossip was certainly wrong.

Marian looked up into a sunburned face, reckless gray eyes

So when a rumor presently trickled down to the reception-room that Mr. Beaton, the personnel manager, had been summoned to the president's office, Miss Hollins suspected that the C. M. C. was going to have a new receptionist. The morning passed and nothing happened; but she was still nervous, still apprehensive, when Sylvester called up and asked if she'd lunch with him. She said yes in a rush of relief; and if Sylvester noted her eagerness, and drew conclusions from it, she didn't care. This morning, it was reassuring to think of Sylvester. . . .

Meanwhile Mr. Beaton had gone to the president's office, trying to look as if it hadn't occurred to him that Grandine might be about to abolish the personnel department to cut operating costs.

"Yes, Mr. Grandine?"

"That girl at the front door, Beaton. Who is she?"

"Miss Hollins? I have all the data on file—"

"Never mind the data. She looks—" Grandine broke off uneasily.

"She does, sir," Mr. Beaton agreed. "It has been our policy to employ exceptionally attractive young women as receptionists. It creates a good psychological atmosphere."

"So I've noticed. For two minutes after I looked at her I forgot about Bolivian tin. But what I mean— She looks as if the brass plate on her desk ought to read 'Miss Hollins' instead of 'Information.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Beaton. "She's a trained executive—a Master of Arts in personnel management. Only she happened, quite unfortunately, to finish her training as an executive just about the time when—er—"

"When a lot of trained executives couldn't land ten-thousand-dollar jobs," Grandine finished. "These colleges seem to think all the room's at the top. Pouring out trained executives that know it all in theory—boys who could run a mine on paper but couldn't make their living with a pick and shovel. And then they come here and expect me to make jobs for them!"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Beaton, when it seemed time to say something.

"BUT this girl," Grandine pursued. "She's smart. Can't get what she wants, she takes what she can get. Not like some of these young people—expecting everything to be handed to them on a silver platter. . . . What are we coming to, Beaton? What are we coming to?"

"I don't know, sir," said Mr. Beaton truthfully.

"Neither do I. Some people won't take what they can get, and some people take it and like it. But there used to be a few people that didn't fit into either class, and they were what made the world go round. I'd hate to think they're all dead. . . . Well—I guess that's all, Beaton."

"Yes, sir. . . . Did you wish me to do anything about Miss Hollins?"

"We ought to do something about her—but I don't know what."

So Mr. Beaton went; and Grandine began to look over the latest reports from Bolivia. . . . Tin be damned, he reflected; gold's the stuff. Golden glints in that girl's hair—I wonder how a Master of Arts feels on a job like hers. Wonder what she thinks about, how she spends her evenings. By golly, if I was thirty years younger I'd find out. . . .

But since he wasn't thirty years younger he settled down to the bad news about Bolivian tin.

Miss Hollins felt better when Sylvester, bespectacled and lantern-jawed, loomed above her desk. He was so stable and confident—the sort of man you could depend on. Also he was her best friend; the fact that she let him call for her at the office was proof of that. Her other friends, assorted intellectuals who never got this far downtown, knew that she worked for the C. M. C. and supposed she had the sort

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of job she was trained for; only Sylvester was permitted to know that she was a receptionist. Sooner or later, Miss Hollins supposed, she'd marry him; and the way she felt just now it would probably be sooner.

"You're looking tired," Sylvester stated.

"Always the flatterer, aren't you?"

But she knew it was silly to snap at him like that. He was a statistician; it was his job to ascertain facts, and state them; and it was a fact that she was tired, and looked it. She ought to be proud of a man who recognized facts; whose thinking was cool and precise, with no fuzzy edges of sentimentality. . . . They went around the corner, into a restaurant; she draped her caracul coat over the back of her chair.

"Do you think it's good taste to wear a coat like that to the office?" Sylvester asked her.

"Good taste? I hadn't thought about it. I wear this to work because it's all I've got except a raincoat that isn't warm enough for this January weather. Why isn't it good taste?"

"Because it doesn't match your job. You get eighteen dollars a week, and people in the office know it. When they see you wearing an eight-hundred-dollar coat they must think that—well—"

"My dear! You're very flattering—but hopelessly behind the times. Modern temptations don't include offers of maintenance; nobody can afford it." He was glowering; she knew that flippancy made him furious, but sometimes she couldn't resist the impulse to stir him up. "Anyway," she mollified him, "this coat is four years old. I bought it while I was at Vassar—while Father was still alive, and paying my way. I hope that anybody who thinks I'd sell my soul for a fur coat would at least give me credit for insisting on a new one."

"You know I didn't mean that! But it looks swanky—as if you felt you were masquerading. The princess pretending to be a receptionist."

SHE flushed; the scientific eye had come too close to the truth.

"What do you expect me to do, Sylvester? Spend thirty dollars for a new coat instead of wearing out my old one? I can't afford it."

"Haven't you got something left from your father's insurance?"

"Three hundred dollars. I'm saving that for emergencies."

"Last fall you had four hundred," he recalled. "You're spending that money to live on, bit by bit, instead of living on your salary."

"You're very statistical, aren't you? . . . It's my money, after all."

"While it lasts. But it's so short-sighted—yes, and dishonest. You were proud of yourself when you took that job as a receptionist, even if you wouldn't tell anybody about it but me. You were getting down to brass tacks. But you wouldn't live in a furnished room and get along on what you make; you had to have an apartment—"

"Only one room," she said. "And I had to have a place where I could receive my friends." But he evidently didn't see the necessity. He was self-sufficient; he didn't realize that other people, lesser people, sometimes had to put props under their self-esteem.

"You can't afford forty a month rent," he told her, "no matter how often you dine out. It's silly enough to fool other people about your job; but when you start fooling yourself, God help you! I suppose you think this job is only a passing phase in your life, that something grand and glorious may happen any morning—"

"Don't you think anything grand and glorious is ever going to happen again?"

"I doubt it," said Sylvester cheerfully. "We're going through a period of drastic readjustment. You'd better start readjusting too, before your three hundred is gone."

SHE contemplated the drastic readjustment of walking out on him and buying her own lunch. But he was probably right, as usual; and, after all, he was her best friend; and, after all, he was the only man who wanted to marry her. That was why he got so angry when she wasn't what he thought she ought to be. . . . Sooner or later, she supposed, she would marry him; only the way she felt just now it would probably be later. . . .

"Let's stop quarreling," she said, "and order lunch."

Lunch was ordered, but the atmosphere remained rather stormy; so she fell back on the question that never fails to placate any man:

"What have you been doing since I saw you last?"

He beamed, and began to tell her. All through lunch he went on talking, while she did her best to look as if she understood; some long research, she gathered, had finally been concluded that very morning. They were smoking over coffee before he finished triumphantly—

"So if the present trend continues, there'll be trouble. My conclusions are absolutely proved by the extrapolation of the trend lines based on compensated indices—"

"All right," she surrendered. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Me? It's none of my business. I'm a scientist."

"Oh, I see," she said. "A scientist just sits around and lets anything happen that wants to happen, whether he likes it or not. . . . If I thought there was going to be trouble, I'd want to do what I could to prevent it."

"Oh, you and I will be all right," he assured her. "They'll always need statisticians."

"But they might not need receptionists."

"Well—I hope, Marian, that we'll be married before then."

(Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by John Gannam

"I know what you must think of me now," she said. "Do you?" he said softly. She couldn't meet his eyes. She looked down at the desk

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The Woman Pays

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Octavus Roy Cohen

THE girl said: "My husband is in trouble!" and the big man with the arctic eyes said: "I'm delighted to hear that."

"This is real trouble," repeated the girl with tense earnestness. "He has stolen money from Hod Carraway."

"Excellent," said the man. "In all the world there are only two men I hate. One of them is your husband. The other is Hod Carraway." He paused to light a cigarette. "I hope that the money has been spent and that it can never be replaced."

The girl nodded. "Yes, every cent."

"Fine! Hod Carraway must hate that."

"He does. He will have John arrested before morning."

A sardonic smile flickered across the thin, sensitive lips of the big man. He gazed through the window at the forest of gaunt pines, and—more directly—at the bush which flamed with azaleas. "Hod Carraway made miserable by the loss of money," he mused. "John Farrell in jail. I'm glad I waited."

The girl came closer. She was slender, but her figure was well molded, and she knew that this man was not unmindful. He had once asked her to marry him. The power of his passion had frightened her; the man himself was granite. Besides, at that time, he had nothing to offer. She touched his hand.

"YOU must make Hod let John alone," she said. "He's afraid of you."

"He should be," smiled the big man. "I once promised to kill him."

"Carraway will do what you say. You must help me."

Hal Jamieson regarded her gravely. "How much did your husband steal?"

The violet eyes wavered. She said, "Plenty."

"What did he do with the money?"

"He bought things—for me."

"Expensive things?"

She extended her left arm. Three jeweled bracelets, two large diamond rings. Jamieson observed that her dress was stylish—expensively simple—although he didn't know much about such things.

"How did he expect to return it?" asked Jamieson.

"There were investments, too," she admitted. "Speculations. He lost."

"They always do. It must have been a rare experience for John. He didn't lose when you were the stake."

"Maybe I chose wrong . . ." she started, but then she saw that he was not listening. His next question came unexpectedly:

"You knew he couldn't buy presents like those out of his salary, didn't you?"

"Yes. . . . Well, no! I don't know much about business."

"You knew that much. And yet you accepted them."

"That hasn't anything to do with it." Again she was standing very close. The faint, intriguing odor of French perfume came to his nostrils. It was disturbing.

"Why should I help your husband?" he inquired abruptly.

"He'll be disgraced if you don't."

"And you?"

"I couldn't stand it! The wife of a jailbird . . ."

"More worried about yourself than about him, aren't you, Ellen?"

"What if I am? John has been a fool. There's no reason why I should be dragged down with him."

"You'd like mighty well to keep those bracelets and rings, wouldn't you?"

She covered them with an instinctive, protective gesture. "They're mine! I didn't know the money was stolen." Then her voice broke: "Can't you see what this disgrace would mean to me, Hal? People will make fun of me. They'll laugh—"

"Yes," he agreed. "They might. But they wouldn't laugh at John. They'd be bound to be sorry for a man in jail."

"You'll do it for me—won't you?" Her eyes were filled with passion; with promise. Her voice was intimate as she repeated, "For me. . . ."

His cold gray eyes dwelt upon her steadily. "I will do it for you," he said. "But I collect my debts."

He swung out of his tiny house. She saw his car speed over the hill toward town. She was queerly excited. . . .

THE door to Hod Carraway's private office opened and Carraway rose, his cheeks ashen.

Hal Jamieson said: "I warned you long ago, Hod, that if I ever set foot in this office, it would be to kill you. I've changed my mind."

Carraway nodded soundlessly.

"I want all the evidence of John Farrell's stealing. Burn it in the fireplace yonder. Then give me a letter stating there's nothing wrong." The voice became more incisive: "Make it quick!"

Carraway did not argue. And when his task was done he looked at his gaunt visitor. "Farrell's in the clear," he said. "What now?"

"Nothing. I don't collect debts twice, Hod. You and I are quits."

Ellen was waiting when Jamieson returned.

"John is safe," he told her. "All evidence destroyed. Here's a written statement from Carraway . . . just in case."

Her eyes were large and luminous. She came tantalizingly close to him. "I was wrong to marry John," she whispered.

"Yes. . . ?"

Her cheeks were flushed. "I owe you something, Hal. I'm ready to pay."

Jamieson's voice was cold and toneless.

"You owe me plenty," he said, "and you'll pay it. You're going back to John. You're going to give him all that jewelry so he can sell it and buy himself a new start. You're going to make him happy—from now on."

She stepped away. "But I thought you hated him!"

His expression frightened her. "I thought so, too," said Hal Jamieson. "But I understand now that I owe him something. And I always pay my debts, Ellen. Don't forget that—ever."

Jamieson's voice was cold and toneless. "You owe me plenty," he said, "and you'll pay it"

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

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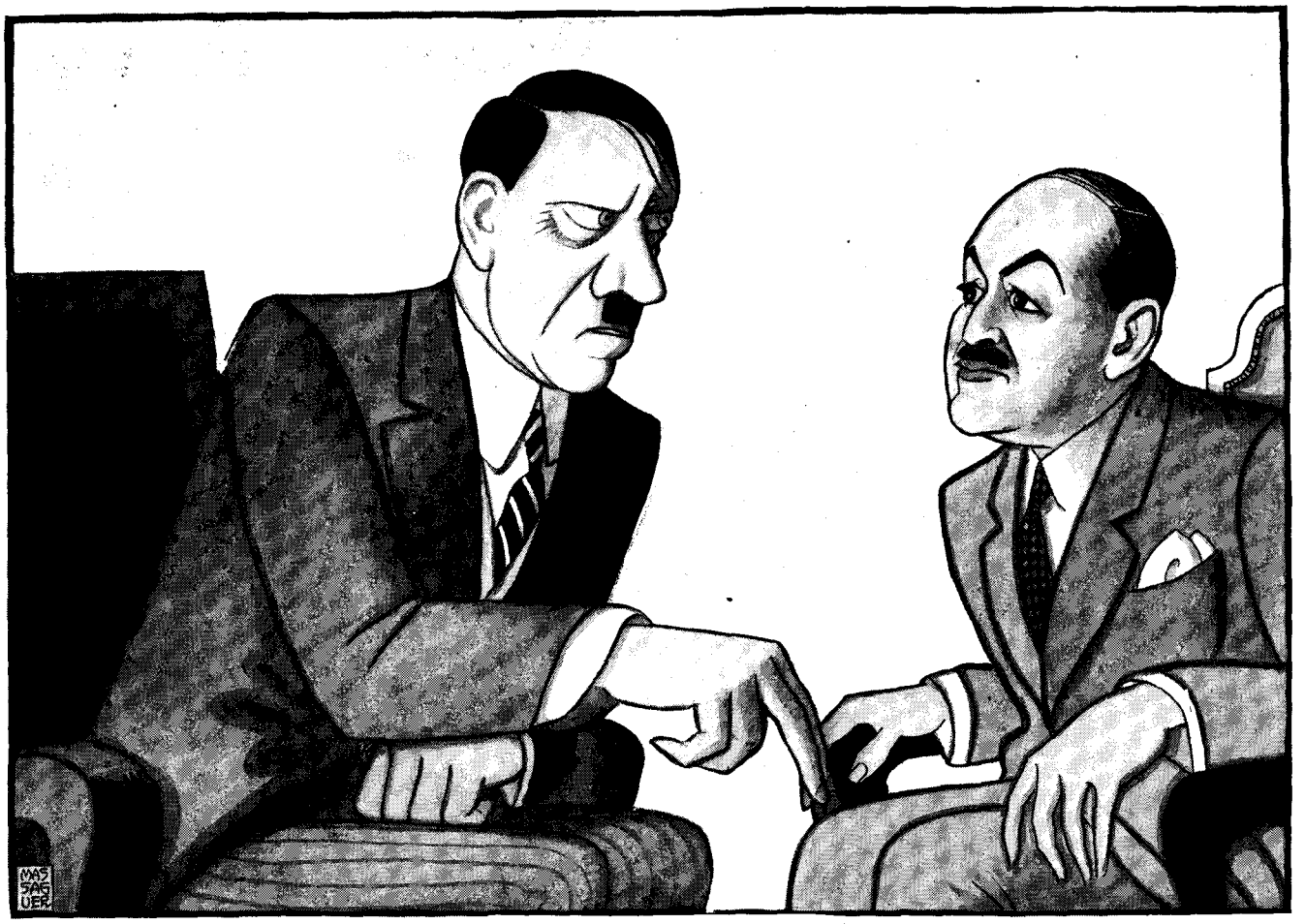
Says Hitler

"How can it help peace if we Germans are unable to bombard Paris while the French are able to bombard Berlin?" . . . "We don't want Jews from eastern Europe." . . . "You in America wouldn't tolerate for one hour what we in Germany have been forced to endure from these Communists"

An exclusive interview

By T. R. Ybarra



Herr Hitler drives home his point: "If Germany is not allowed defensive weapons, Europe, which urgently needs peace, will be ruined"

Illustrated by Conrad Massaguer

After years of demagogic violence, Hitler is emerging into statesmanlike calm

"We don't want Jews from eastern Europe"

WHILE Berlin was still ringing with Chancellor Adolf Hitler's first big speech before the Reichstag on the foreign crisis besetting Germany and while government officials, foreigners and the Berlin public—everybody—were snatching newspapers, eagerly devouring all foreign comment and breathing a deep sigh of thanksgiving at the easing of the tension which had almost seemed a prelude to another European war, the man who had made that speech and eased that tension kept his promise to give Collier's an interview.

He found time amid Cabinet meetings, which were following one another in quick succession, to receive me in his office at the chancellery on Berlin's historic Wilhelmstrasse. Without hesitation, concisely and straight from the shoulder, Chancellor Hitler—who in the opinion of many, even his enemies, had taken his first step as a statesman after years of sensational success as a spellbinding orator possessed of the secret of lashing multitudes to hysterical patriotic frenzy—gave me a message direct from himself to the American nation, the kernel of which was a plea for better understanding among Americans for the problems now confronting Germany at home and abroad.

When he received me Hitler made a strange contrast to his Wilhelmstrasse surroundings. He had so far conformed to statesmanlike etiquette as to don the conventional garments usual at European chancelleries—which he still does reluctantly.

But beyond the anteroom of his sanctum the corridors of the chancellery were swarming with picked Nazi storm troopers in full uniform, bristling with swastikas and other insignia, their revolvers dangling in plain sight from their hips—and Nazi revolvers give the distinct impression of being carried because they are useful, not merely ornamental. These rough characters contrasted ludicrously with the officials left over from the pre-Nazi era, who were going about as if ashamed of their ceremonial toggery, looking—and doubtless feeling—like fish out of water. Coming from among the brown-shirted guards and from the street outside were other uniformed, armed Nazis constantly passing through, arousing the impression that Berlin had been captured by an army of roughnecks.

The spectacle of the biggest Brown Shirt of all, Adolf Hitler, attired as neatly and conventionally as his Beau Brummel predecessor, Franz von Papen, certainly came as a shock. I couldn't help wondering whether it was an omen presaging that Hitler is definitely turning to a statesmanlike calm after years of demagogic violence, and seeking to end the swashbuckling first phase of his régime, which was characterized by a Berlin wag as "Brown Shirt-sleeve Diplomacy."

Hitler received me in the big audience chamber of the new chancellery. It adjoins the old chancellery, where President von Hindenburg is now living while the presidential palace, a little way up Wilhelmstrasse, is being repaired. The Chancellor's eyes were clear, his bearing alert, and he allowed no signs of fatigue to become apparent. During the preceding days, Hitler had had no rest. From Tempelhof Field outside Berlin, where he addressed more than a million persons, he had rushed to Kiel, then to Königsberg, then to Munich. Always he traveled by airplane, to the intense worry of those around him, who constantly feared accidents. And all the while the international situation was growing more serious, the foreign ring around Germany more threatening, the clouds presaging war bigger and blacker.

Yet when he stepped forward to shake my hand you wouldn't have thought he was bothered about anything. His face was solemn—but it always is. And he didn't smile—but he seldom does.

A Plea to Americans

I asked him to talk straight out to Americans. He paused a moment, then said:

"I don't believe in criticizing. It simply creates difficulties."

Then, gathering force and speed as he talked, until he almost resembled the Hitler who has so often swayed mass meetings to tumultuous enthusiasm, he continued:

"In observing the American attitude toward Germany, some things have been beyond my understanding. Certainly Americans are interested in the maintenance of peace in Europe, aren't they? Certainly they don't want to see Europe go up in flames. Certainly they have economic interests in Europe which they want consolidated. And certainly they don't want another European war which would prevent their economic development.

"This being so, how can Americans fail to realize that the very existence of weapons of aggressive warfare such as are possessed by some of the European nations constitutes in itself a menace to peace? The existence of such weapons is a threat to all nations. To safeguard herself against them, Germany should have the right to provide herself with unlimited defensive weapons. If Germany is not allowed these, Europe, which urgently needs peace, will be ruined. In the interests of peace Germany should be allowed these defensive weapons, at least so long as other nations are allowed aggressive weapons.

"Tanks are aggressive weapons. Germany has no tanks. By what right are we denied anti-tank weapons?"

Worked up by this time to a high pitch of earnestness, Hitler leaned forward, emphasizing his points by tapping my knee with two fingers of his right hand.

"Germany has no bombing planes," he continued, "yet we Germans are denied anti-aircraft defense weapons. How can Americans think it is a help for peace to have Germans unable to defend themselves from aërial attack? How can it help peace if we Germans are unable to bombard Paris while the French are able to bombard Berlin? I tell you it isn't logical. We Germans should at least be allowed to have adequate defensive weapons. This would be advantageous to the cause of peace and not detrimental."

He paused for a moment and I, knowing well the torrential nature of his eloquence when once under way, carefully refrained from interrupting with questions. For a moment Hitler sat there with knit brows and stern expression. Then, fixing his eyes again on me, he said:

"You Americans should understand the internal problems of Germany.

(Continued on page 38)

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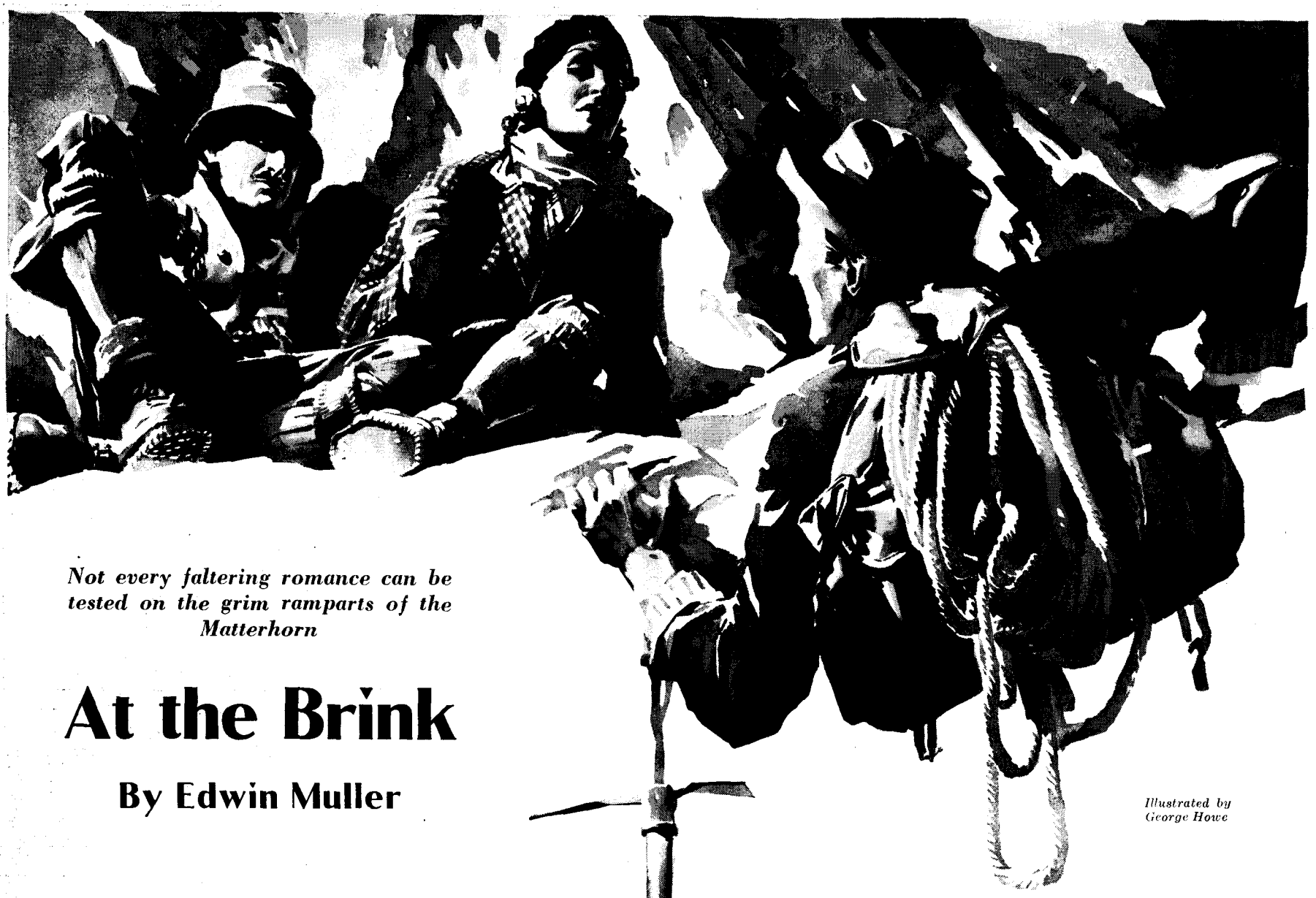

Not every faltering romance can be tested on the grim ramparts of the Matterhorn

At the Brink

By Edwin Muller

Illustrated by George Howe

THE Matterhorn is a masterpiece of dramatic effect.

From the floor of the Zermatt Valley, grass-covered ridges and easy slopes carry the eye up to an elevation of five thousand feet. Then the east face of the mountain soars upward—steeper and steeper until, at an infinite height, it seems to overhang.

No one ever climbs on the face by intention. Even in fair weather the mountaineer shuns its grim crags and precipices. But when storms sweep over it a climber caught on its slopes is almost certain to leave his bones there. They tell a story in Zermatt of two who were caught on the face in the worst storm of the year.

This is not the story as it is told in Zermatt. It is the whole thing as it really happened.

FROM his table in the corner of the room William Patterson watched the dancers in the ballroom of the Mont Cervin. There were not so many of them now—it was mid-September and some of the Zermatt climbing fraternity had departed. But this year the fine weather had held on later than usual, so those who could stretch their holidays had stayed to bag just one more peak and then another. Herr Seiler's orchestra was in the spirited swing of a Continental waltz. Tall, sunburned Englishmen, close-cropped Germans, pretty girls from Philadelphia, swarthy Latins—all the cosmopolitan assemblage of a great mountaineering center were making the most of the season's end.

Patterson's eyes searched among the dancers, then settled gloomily on the empty place across the table. It must have been half an hour since Paula had gone off to dance with that fellow Claudel. That was long enough to wear one's patience thin; why not be off to bed and leave her to come when she was ready? No, that wouldn't do. Last night, when he had waited upstairs for her, it had been all he could do to keep his temper when she had finally come. A few more scenes between them and they might as well plan to spend their holidays apart—and the rest of the time too.

He raised his eyes and saw Paula and Claudel coming in through the door that led to the garden. As she came into the light she paused a moment uncertainly, then flashed a quick smile at her companion. To Patterson, watching them, it seemed as though they were hardly aware that there was anyone else in the room.

The rhythm of the waltz enveloped her, she raised her arms to Claudel's and they swung into time with the pulsating strains of the violins. Her eyes half closed and her head drooped back a little as her partner's arm tightened around her. No words were spoken between them.

The music ended and Patterson rose as the two came to the table. Somehow he couldn't make his smile seem natural; it was as though his facial muscles were stiffened with cold.

"You waltz well enough to be a professional, monsieur," he said.

The Frenchman's eyes were still on Paula. "But it is madame," he replied. "With her even Johan the fat porter would dance divinely." And, bowing ceremoniously, he left them.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson sat silently for a minute or more. He was the first to speak:

"About time for bed, isn't it? Especially as we're going up to the Matterhorn hut in the morning."

For a long moment there was a waiting silence. Paula broke it with an impulsive rush of words. "Billy, you do turn up in the nick of time," she said

Paula looked up impatiently. "Good Lord, Billy, you ought to be in an old men's home. It's fun here tonight. This is the best dance they've had."

"You haven't seen much of it, have you?"

Her lips twisted scornfully. "Because I was in the garden with Henri, you mean? Well, Billy, is that a topic you want to pursue further?"

A stubborn line etched itself in his face. "I rather think it is, though this may not be the best time and place for it."

SHE gathered her wrap around her shoulders sulkily, and rose. "If we're to have another row I suppose we'd better preserve the decencies and have it in privacy."

In their sitting-room she faced him. "Well?"

He slumped wearily into a chair and hesitated, groping for the right opening. "Look here, Paula, do we have to quarrel this way? Sometimes I think you deliberately goad me into losing my temper."

She was still standing and her eyes, looking down into his, were defiant. "I think you had something to say about Henri Claudel."

"Very well then, I have," he said, the stubborn note back in his voice. "Or rather I've a word or two to say about you. I want to know if you think you're acting like a decent wife—"

She broke in with a bleak little laugh. "A decent wife! That's a supreme line for a woman's tombstone, isn't it? Color, romance, rapture—oh, no, she was a decent wife." She went to the window, drew back the curtains, and looked off to the end of the valley where, in the silver moonlight, the white crest of the Breithorn hung remote in the sky.

Patterson rose and began to pace the room.

"Thank God!" he broke out. "For once in my life thank God this holiday's nearly over. We do this one last climb of the Matterhorn and then we're off to America."

He could see her bare shoulders shiver a little. She turned and faced him with sudden resolution.

"Billy," she said, "Henri is going on this climb with us. I asked him tonight."

An incredulous look came into his eyes, then dark red mounted to his face and when he spoke his voice shook:

"No, I'm damned if he is! I'm taking no French gigolo on this expedition."

Even in the dim-lit room he could see that her face had gone white. She spoke in a voice laboriously controlled:

"You can speak for yourself, of course. I tell you that I shall start for the Matterhorn tomorrow with Henri Claudel."

He sprang up and seized her wrist with a grip that made her wince. Then, choking back the words that were on his lips, he released her and strode into the bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

There was no need of an early start for the Matterhorn. The first day of

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the expedition is only five or six easy hours up the lower slopes to the hut where the real climbing begins. Patterson had planned to leave in the middle of the morning, reach the hut before dark, and, after a short sleep, start for the summit an hour after midnight.

He was awake soon after dawn and, before the hotel was astir, went out for a solitary tramp before breakfast. In the sloping pastures above the village the dew lay heavy on the rough stubble. The valley would not see the sun for an hour or more but already its rays had made the Matterhorn a spearhead of flame.

For an hour Patterson tramped the upland paths toiling to restore some clarity to his troubled thoughts. When he returned Paula was sitting up in bed, finishing her chocolate. Her head, with its short brown curls, was a lovely profile against the white pillows. They had been married for four years, yet sometimes he found himself gazing at her as if he had never seen her before, as if she were a charming unknown to whom he must pay court. She looked at him expectantly, a shadowy smile hovering on her lips. She hoped he would say the right thing and make it easier for her to wipe out last night's bitterness.

"PAULA dear," he began abruptly, "let's try to get this thing straight. In the first place, I'm sorry I lost my temper last night. That gets us nowhere. But now that we're both calm and collected it won't do any harm to state a few plain facts. You know I've never interfered with your friendships—"

Her eyebrows arched just perceptibly, and for a moment her look shifted to the ceiling above his head. He frowned and went on doggedly:

"Yes, that's so. You can't say I've interfered with your freedom. But you owe something to me and to appearances. When you spend two thirds of your time in the company of some damned Frenchman—"

"Careful, Billy." A pink spot had risen in either cheek and her voice had a shade of hardness.

He jerked his head impatiently. "Oh, I've no doubt he's all you imply. A knight in shining armor and all the rest of it. I can see he's the lion of the season here in Zermatt. But I don't want to climb the Matterhorn with him, and I emphatically request that you do not go alone with him."

She spoke crisply: "We start in two hours. You are very welcome to come with us if you wish."

He flung out of the room, not trusting himself as to what he might say or do. Two hours later, from the window of the hotel lounge, he saw Paula and Claudel disappearing up the village street, their ice axes tucked under their arms and their hobnails clattering over the cobbles.

PATTERSON spent the afternoon striding restlessly along the paths that circle the lower slopes of the valley. He tried to convince himself that he was glad the break had come, that he was a free man again. Then, in spite of himself, he veered off into worry for Paula's safety. That was absurd—she was a good climber and they said that Claudel was a first-rate Alpinist, perhaps a little on the flashy side. The Matterhorn in good weather would be no trick for them. But what about the weather? The unbroken string of clear blue days was strained to the breaking point—at any time it might dissolve in a lashing storm.

He slept badly that night, and in the morning was out as soon as it was light. For a long hour he manipulated the telescope in front of the hotel, trying to find two climbers on the upper ridge. They were nowhere to be seen. He felt his nerves in a jangle.

At the entrance to the hotel he had a shock. The barometer, which for weeks had swung far to the right side of the disk, had fallen back sharply. He ran back outdoors and looked about. No cloud in the sky, but now he knew that the queer feel of the atmosphere was not merely nerves.

HE CAME suddenly to a resolution. In ten minutes his rucksack was packed and he was swinging in long strides out to the path that leads toward the Matterhorn.

On the endless zigzags of the path past the black little tarn of the Schwarzsee and up to the eagle's perch of the hut, which he reached soon after noon, he met no one. The hut keeper greeted him as an old friend, said that the *gnädige* Frau and the Herr had started in good time; they should be down by now. Perhaps they had met difficult conditions up above; the season grew late. At once Patterson was under way, leaving the keeper in open-mouthed concern that anyone should start up the Matterhorn at such an hour and alone.

He forced the pace so keenly that, an hour after leaving the hut, he had gained more than a thousand feet of altitude. He kept close to the knife edge of the ridge, only occasionally veering away a little on the east face to round the flank of some smooth and impassable slab set in his way.

This was the route up which the pioneers of the sixties had fought their way to the summit—a route on which mountaineering legends clustered thick, which more than once had witnessed tragedy. Patterson, one who loved old friends among mountains as among men, had already traversed the ridge six or eight times. He recognized even the handholds and footholds of the steep pitches. Intent on the work in hand, he seldom paused to glance down past his boots at the chasms that opened beneath him. It was a climb of habit.

And yet, never in his life had his surroundings seemed so unreal or the world so sinister.

HE CLIMBED steadily and rapidly. He could see livid tentacles of mist round the pinnacles of Lyskamm and Monte Rosa; and there was the sense of dark forces lurking below the horizon.

The threat of the skies accorded with the turmoil in his mind. His power to reason clearly was swept away by violent impulses that left him physically shaken. He was divided between anxiety for Paula and primitive rage against her and the man with her. Always there seemed to be within him another, a detached personality who watched the impulse to violence wax strong within him.

In two hours' climbing he reached a spot where the unrelenting severity of the slope eases off for a moment before it soars up to the crescendo of the upper crags. Here, perched on a narrow shelf above the abyss of the east face, is the Solvay Shelter, a tiny hut of refuge for climbers unable to attain the lower Hörnli. Seated before it was a party of five, three guides, two of whom Patterson recognized as the Sturmer brothers of Zermatt and with them two German climbers who had decided to rest here for the night before going on down. The guides started up in surprise at the strange sight of a climber coming up alone in the late afternoon.

Patterson addressed himself abruptly to Hans Sturmer, a gnarled giant whose brawny shoulders could have been a model for those of Atlas.

"Have you seen another party on the mountain, a woman and a man?"

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Claudel's gaze was fixed on him with a look of dumb entreaty

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Harold Von Schmidt

They had made the vicinity of their den a sort of game refuge for the smaller wild life

To a Finish

By Paul Annixter

Seven against one, with old Barcud, the belligerent, showing you what a badger can do when he gets his dander up

IT WAS a day of terrible heat on the southern veldt. In his den five feet under the ground, Barcud, the old male ratel, or honey-badger, lay sleeping, curled up on a bed of leaves and bark fiber and grass all chewed up into small bits and aged in the dark. The roomy oval chamber in which he lay was about three feet in diameter and two feet high, and had once been the abode of an ant bear, but Barcud and his mate had commandeered it two years before.

During that time the ratel pair had become characters among the wild folk of the region. By their valor and their fighting teeth they had won an armed truce with all resident enemies in the countryside; likewise through a wise and distinctive conservation they had made the vicinity of their den a sort of game refuge for the smaller wild life.

Though he comes of a grim, killing breed, there is nothing inordinate about the honey-badger. Barcud and his mate had levied but sparing toll on their smaller subjects, the bush-dassies, gerbilles, hares, duikers and such like, and never pressed them to the point where they would become uneasy and withdraw to other parts. Time and again major killers of the veldt had matched their wits and strength against them, but the badgers had outfought and out-tricked them, play by play.

During his occupancy of his den Barcud had engineered three other rooms, deep down in the hill, which were to be reached only by the main entrance tube which led past the room where Barcud lay, waiting his mate's return. She had been gone a long time now, nearly three days, and he had missed her mightily.

He had, however, stoically taken over the job of rearing his little family of three brown cubs. By working hard he could keep them fed, but he worried much, for all too often he had to leave them unguarded for long hours, and the veldt, he knew, was full of lurking assassins who would slay his family for the sheer lust of killing.

It was mid-afternoon when the old badger's sleep was broken—by a sound. To his ears had come the high, insensate canine yapping—the hunting cry of wild dogs somewhere out on the veldt.

Presently there came an infinitesimal shake of the ground above him, the faintest trickle of dust sifted down from the tunnel roof. Barcud stood up. The gray dimness of the main tunnel was darkened abruptly. Two eyes, pale green and shot with red, pricked the shadow, and a dainty, small form slipped swiftly down the passageway.

Barcud let it by in sheer astonishment, noting as he did so that it was the little fennec, the silver fox of the veldt, who lived not far away. A wily and calculating gamester was the fennec, not given to panic nor flight, but it was quite beside itself now, and it was that fact alone which kept Barcud from biting clean through the neck of the intruder. For the creature's entry had loosed the devil's own temper in the old badger.

UNDETAINED, the fennec crept down and down into the very deepest, darkest room of the badger's den, and sank down trembling beside a heap of dried bones. Up above in his guardroom the old boar badger was minded for a moment to follow and kill, then thought better of it and waited on. While he waited he rested. He was going to need his reserve. Trouble was undoubtedly at hand with that wailing chorus in the air, but no honey-badger ever burned up tissue with the fidgets. Truth was, Barcud was eager for a fight, as was usually the case with him.

A sound like a vast sigh of breathing came from the parched slope without, and turned into the patter of many running pads. Then shrill, furious yelping sounded at the tunnel mouth. It was the pack of seven Cape dogs that had been trailing the fennec, lean, ocher-colored beasts, tall and heavy as American wolves, with white tails and round, upstanding ears. These beasts, which looked like leggy hyenas, and were known to the Dutch as *wildehonde*, were the terrors of the veldt, the dread concomitants of drought and famine, for it was then that they banded together and swept the country like a consuming flame, killing as they went.

The seven milled around, noses to the badger hole, bristling backs heaving, tails waving as though from the hind quarters of headless dogs, their yappings suddenly silenced. The fresh scent of the fennec they had been chasing, mingled with the even stronger scent of badger, was ruinous to their sanity.

Abruptly then, they shrank back like startled shadows before a candle. Barcud's black head with its white crown was framed in the hole looking at them. With a few lumbering steps he was outside the burrow facing the semicircle of dogs. No bravado nor haste about him; it is never he who is confident who hurries. He was not even snarling, as he halted and calmly looked them over.

For the space of about twenty heartbeats the wild dogs hung at pause, mincing slightly as if at the end of leashes, forgetting to whine in their expectancy, quivering tails pointing to high sky in an exquisite tension, while the badger's eyes continued to shift slowly from dog to dog to settle upon one gaunt beast in the foreground, the evident moving spirit of the gang. Far overhead in the polished sky, a great bird tilted lazily and banked in a great curve—a lammergeier, the giant vulture of South Africa. Food below soon!

It was Barcud who precipitated the battle. The odds against him were terrific, but a fearless courage is the prime quality in the badger breed the world over. Slow and terrible and quiet, body low to the ground, he trundled straight into the pack and flung himself at the tawny leader. The dog slashed at him like a wolf and Barcud let him close, that his own traplike jaws might clamp on his enemy's foreleg. With a heave and twist of his powerful neck and shoulders, he threw the dog off his feet and held him down while the pack danced and snapped about them, snarling like wolves, gibbering like gnomes.

WHEN the leader tore himself loose at fearful cost he was a three-legged cripple. Barcud closed with another beast, a lank female, and bore through to her throat while a solid wheel of dogs, head-hubbed and screaming, submerged him. Dog teeth bit dog in the mad flurry, while a bass vibrating sound, neither growl nor snarl, came from their united throats—like water boiling under the surface of the ground. It was the terrible sound of the worry.

But it was in vain that they slashed and tore at the impenetrable hide of the badger, which was loose and leathery and offered no vulnerable mouthful until one of the dogs chewed into his rump and tail. Barcud doubled on himself and crippled this attacker as he had done the leader, crunching the bones of his right foreleg like a celery stalk. Morale broke momentarily under his

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sky-high howling, and the whirling pinwheel of tawny fur disintegrated, leaving Barcud flat and sidling on the ground, gashed and heaving, but with the flame of battle higher than ever in his bearish little eyes.

Thick neck muscles arched and swollen rigid as bone, he trundled downhill like a diminutive tank, away from the undergrowth, away from the den mouth. It was his way of fighting in the open; besides, the farther the killers could be lured from the cubs in the den the better. The deep bay of the leader stirred the dogs into another wrathful charge; once more they hemmed him front and rear and on both flanks, with their death circle. But that, too, was what Barcud wanted, being a master in-fighter. Crouched flat on the ground, his head between his forepaws, he slashed dog after dog with terrible rakes of his sickle-like claws, which cut through flesh and hide to the very bone. His chance came and he closed—the leader again, and this time the throat hold. When he came up, gashed and coughing crimson, the leader was at the end of his long and blood-stained life.

The battle went on, up and down the hill. Barcud was neither so swift nor so deadly as at the beginning of the fight, but there was still the unquenchable fire in his eyes and death in the clamp of his jaws. Back and forth a shadow fled over the ground before the fighters, flung down from where the lammergeier soared, much lower now.

Some twenty-five minutes of this went on, minutes that were out of all time for the fighters. Twice more Barcud was submerged in a slavering whirl of dogs. When he came up the second time he limped on three legs and his breath wheezed through a pierced windpipe. But by that time his enemies were but four. The leader lay where he had fallen. Two more dogs had crawled into the bushes to die silently after the manner of their kind. They lay as though dozing, but their heads turned toward the battle and they watched with glazing eyes as Barcud carried on, carried on, a terrible apparition now in the eye of the westering sun.

Bruised, torn and wrenched by the jaws of his enemies, his tongue split by many bitings, Barcud was still not seriously incapacitated. But he was weakening. It could not go on for long. The vulture knew. He dropped with heavy flappings to the limb of a dead tree, uttering a pitiful mewling cry.

TWO other black specks had appeared in the sky—common little naked-faced Egyptian vultures, these, but part of Death's aërial patrol; also three or four prick-eared, energetic shadows had begun to weave in and out amid the grass and brush—black-backed jackals, drawn from afar by the sounds of battle.

The old badger evinced now the first sign of compromise. With a sudden rush he went clean through the dogs, then maneuvered toward the underbrush that he might protect his hind quarters from the foe. He did not reach it. The remaining dogs swept over him again in a final charge. All were wounded and bloody, but there is nothing of the coward about your Cape dog.

Two of the brutes engaged the badger furiously from in front, while the other two made stealthy rushes from the rear until one of them succeeded in getting a grip on the tender, unprotected stomach of the little battler—the one vulnerable place on his anatomy. But a half minute later Barcud's churring snarl was silenced because his jaws had locked in a death-hold on that dog's neck.

Once more the gray-black beast crouched prepared to meet a rush, but there was no further need. The remaining dogs had had enough, and as if at some unheard signal they vanished as they had appeared, at full speed and with no warning, in the sea of grass and brush. And Barcud, too, appeared to guess it would do for one afternoon.

He turned about and at his original, unhurried gait, but limping now and leaving a trail of blood behind, he waddled back to his den. As he went a ring of heads, dark and scowling, grinning and beastly, rose up from the grass to watch, while more black specks volplaned from the sky. Then with snarls and flappings and long-drawn moans the scavengers lurched forward to the feast.

DEEP underground, Barcud lay down and shortly stanched his terrible wounds with healing tongue. While he was thus engaged, the little fennec, whose lucky day it must have been, slipped quietly out of the den again and scampered home. He it was who had caused the whole affair, whose intrusion had forced old Barcud, alone and unsupported, to take on and vanquish a pack of seven killers which nothing else save a lion would have argued with. And all for a beast who was not even the badger's friend, but a wily poacher on his preserve.

And what was the reward of such valor? Nothing; neither praise nor greeting for the conquering hero nor even a well-earned rest. For a few minutes later he was aroused from an exhausted doze by protesting whines and whimpers from the adjoining room. The sons of Barcud, who had developed new lung power in the past few days, had awakened with thoughts of supper and were telling about it in no uncertain terms. Reminded thus of the burdens of parenthood, the old boar in spite of wounds that would have killed an ordinary beast, got heavily to his feet and lurched forth to seek a nightly tribute, for the feeding of four must go on.

Pressed though he was, he passed up the hundred-odd pounds of dog-meat that was still to be had in the vicinity of the den mouth, for it is a queer fact that meat-eaters will rarely eat of the flesh of other meat-eaters, anywhere in the wild, hyenas of course excepted. So the shadows, which had melted back from the feast, came in again as Barcud passed.

Out on the plain as he shambled on, buck impala antelope were grunting hollowly, which in those parts foretold rain. In the distance a cock ostrich roared almost like a lion. Overhead the sky was dimly pollened with stars, but away off toward the mountains thunder rumbled, loosing welcome wafts of cooling breeze.

Oblivious to any of these things, Barcud trundled on, through a thorn grove full of bats that fled like startled spooks. Never cautious, never choosy, except that it be not the rancid meat of carnivores he carried home, he disdained to travel in the devious and surreptitious manner of other killers of the kloof, sore wounded though he was. He marched on therefore by the plainest paths, and by the shortest, straightest route, having in mind a brush-rimmed water-hole where cane rats were wont to congregate.

Heaven knew what torment his exhausted, lacerated body was undergoing, for he made no sign or sound, but Fate must have known, it being her business to keep tab on such matters, behind the scenes of things. Perhaps that is why she loosed a final shaft at him now, just to see to what heights of valor the little beast's indomitable will could press him.

She led him to a spot near the water-hole where something was in dire distress and telling all the world. It was a pig—not a bush pig, but a tame one from the pens of man—tethered out at dusk by some wily Kafir hunter. If you had had Barcud's nose you could have smelled the Kafir plainly in spite of crafty attempts to obliterate all tracks and traces. And you'd have known, too, with that secondary sense beasts have, that a trap was planted hard by.

In the thickets roundabout shadows clustered, not all of them still. There was a pair of rooi-cats, as lambent gooseberry glows low down in the brush proclaimed; and a jackal or two and three hyenas, weaving in and out of the scrub with long-drawn moans like ghouls caught beside a desecrated grave. And back in the dense blackness a sawing snarl proclaimed a leopard, drawn by the savor of suckling pig, the greatest delicacy on the bill of fare of those parts.

The throng which had melted into nothingness at the badger's approach, crept back again. What Barcud did then was a white light upon his character and kind the world over. Without hesitation or haste he moved through the skulkers, fell upon the pig and slew it, while the watchers milled and gibbered. As the pig lay kicking its last, a fearsome clank sounded suddenly in the air—or overhead, or underground—it could hardly be said which—a horrible sound which all the watchers knew too well.

AGAIN, as if a rifle had gone off, the circle whisked into nothingness, leaving only Barcud there by the carcass of the shoat, one hind leg clamped in the steel jaws of a trap. He had suspected the trap all along, but with a stoic disregard of pain unequaled by any other beast he had braved the steel-fanged jaws for the sake of the kill.

A cat-thing, even a wild dog, would have been crazed in Barcud's place. Barcud simply sat down to figure the thing out. He was calm—the only calm thing in a quarter-mile radius, in fact. He reached down and wrenched the iron tongue out of the trap; then he bent the jaws of the thing, with his paws, sufficiently open to pull out his leg minus some fur and skin. No other jaws save a hyena's would have been strong enough for that feat, and a hyena would never have had the presence of mind.

When the skulkers crept back, Barcud was making a much-needed meal off the pig—there was plenty for himself and the young 'uns, too. He made a thorough feast of it while the gang stood by, snapping at one another in ravenous irritation and, what is more noteworthy, making no attempt to interrupt him. Nor did the leopard attack him—not even when the badger swung the remains of the decapitated kill over his shoulder and went humping away toward his den. Which showed that Barcud had a reputation that traveled before him in those parts.

As he neared the den mouth again, a single giant drop of hot rain fell upon the very tip of the old badger's dry, black, fevered nose. Others followed, plopping like bullets, raising little puffs of dust upon the parched hillside, mounting to a growing roar that took over the night and all other sounds therein. In a few days now things would be easier, grass coming up, competition less keen, and the *wildehonde* and similar evils would have departed into the South on the heels of the drought.

Slow and terrible, he trundled straight into the pack

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Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

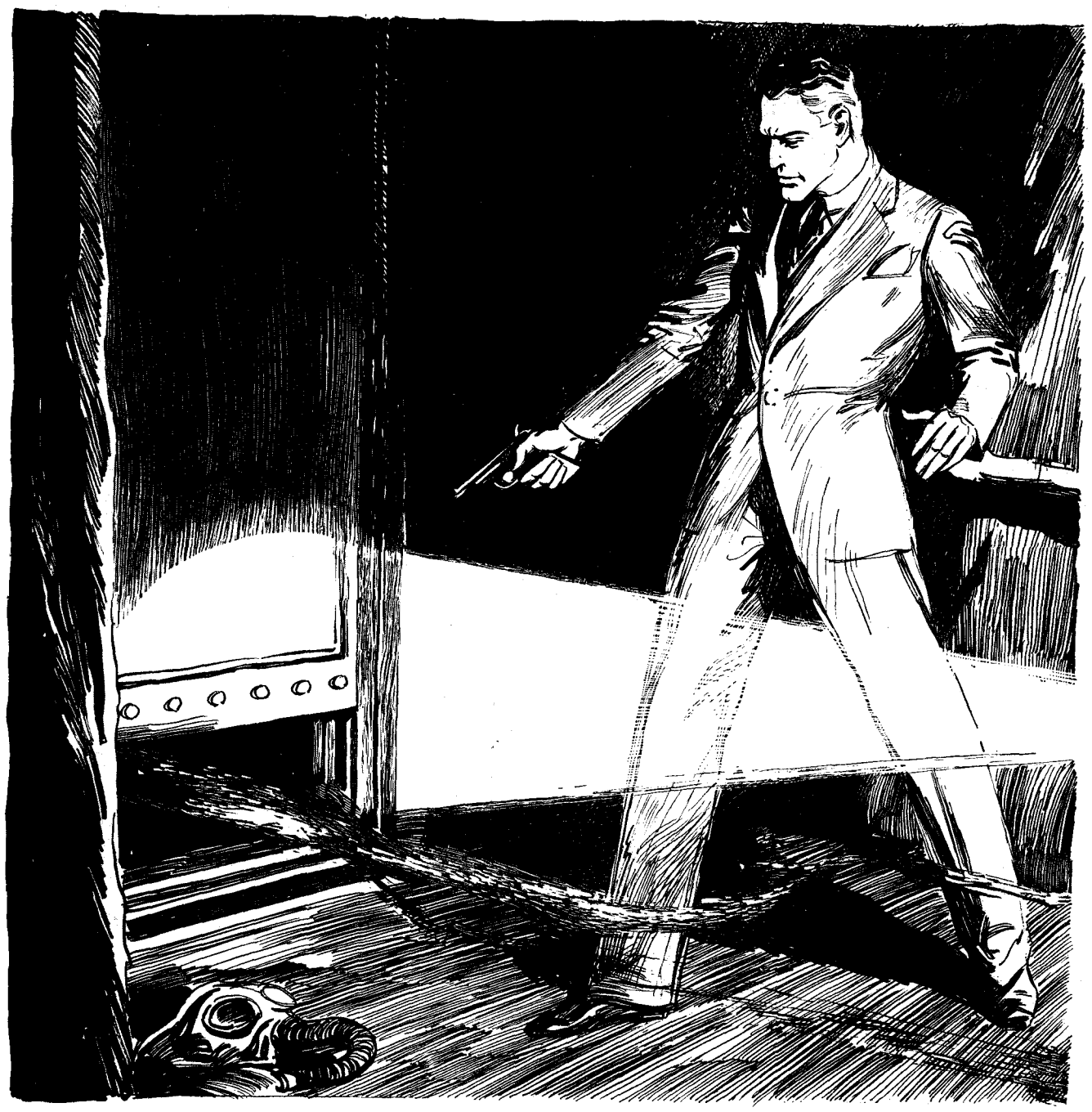
A DEADLY plague attacks southern France. Dr. Petrie, noted English scientist, evolves an antidote ("654")—then, himself stricken, dies. Searching frantically for the formula of the remedy, Sir Denis Nayland Smith (formerly of Scotland Yard) and young Allan Sterling learn, to their horror, that it has been stolen—stolen by mankind's arch-enemy: the sinister *Dr. Fu Manchu!* . . . Following a series of thrilling adventures, Sterling is captured by Fu Manchu's hirelings (dacoits—Burmese killers), and spirited to a mysterious laboratory—the master criminal's headquarters.

A prisoner in that weird establishment (a place of secret doors and strange experiments), Sterling thinks often of a girl—"Fleurette"—whom he has met by chance. And presently he encounters her—in the laboratory. From her, and from Fah Lo Suee (Fu Manchu's daughter), he learns much of the "Doctor's" machinations. As the head of Si-Fan, a vast secret society, the man is planning to gain control of the world by spreading the plague wherever men live—*with germ-carrying flies!* . . . The laboratory—in the villa of Ste. Claire de la Roche, on the Mediterranean coast—is well guarded. But Sterling makes his escape. Outside, he finds—*Sir Denis!*

"Sterling," raps Sir Denis, "Petrie is not dead—he is somewhere in that villa! He has the formula. You must return, find him. If you don't find him, the world is lost!"

Sterling slips back into the villa. He *finds Petrie—alive. And he gets the formula.* In love with Fleurette (who has given every indication that she cares for him), he receives a shocking surprise: The girl is loyal to Fu Manchu; she will not flee with Sterling. While they are talking, in whispers, Fu Manchu appears, finds them. Infuriated, he does not (for reasons of his own) kill Sterling, who presently receives another terrible shock: *Someone,* he learns, *has released the flies* (and various other deadly insects and strange creations, neither man nor beast)! Finding a chemist's mask, he puts it on. Thus protected, he tiptoes through the place, and encounters—*Sir Denis!*

With the operative are a number of French police, who are raiding the place. "Quick!" Sir Denis orders. "Find Petrie—guard him!" Sterling runs to Petrie's *room. He opens the door.* Petrie has disappeared!



We pulled up panting and staring. A section door was descending, cutting

IX

THEY have taken him!" groaned Nayland Smith. "We're too late. What's that?"

A sound of excited voices reached me, dimly. Then came a cry from the rear. The men under the local chief of police had joined us; they had come in by the main entrance.

Yet neither group had discovered a soul on the premises!

"Spread out!" cried Nayland Smith—"parties of two! There's some Chinese rat hole. A big household doesn't disappear into thin air. Come on, Sterling! Our route is downward, not up."

We pressed our way through the throng of men behind us, Nayland Smith and the chief of police repeating the orders.

Sir Denis beside me, I raced back along the way we had come; and although every door appeared to be open, there was seemingly none in that range of rooms other than those I knew. We searched the big forcing-houses, meeting only other muffled figures engaged upon a similar task.

But apparently the doors leading into Dr. Fu Manchu's study and those which communicated with the botanical research room were the only means of entrance or exit!

Out into the big, dismantled laboratory we ran. There were two open doors in the wall opposite our point of entrance.

"This one first!" came in a muffled voice.

Sir Denis and I ran across to an opening in the glass wall.

"The Chinaman who arrived in the speed boat went this way," he shouted.

Shining our torches ahead, we entered—and found a descending stair. Our light failed to penetrate to the bottom of it.

"Stop, Sir Denis!" I cried.

Wrenching off the suffocating glass mask, I dropped it on the floor, for I saw that in the darkness he had already discarded his gas helmet.

"We must assemble a party—we may be walking into a trap."

He pulled up and stared at me; his face was drawn and haggard.

"You are right," he rapped. "Get three or four men, and notify Furneaux—he's in charge of the police—which way we have gone."

I ran back across the great empty hall from which that curious violet light had gone and shouted loudly. I soon assembled a party, one of whom I dispatched

in search of the chief of police and, accompanied by the others, I rejoined Nayland Smith.

We left one man on duty at the door.

Nayland Smith leading and I close behind him, we began to descend the stairs into the subterranean mystery of Ste. Claire.

"THIS is where the Chinaman went," he said. "It speaks loudly for the *iron rule of the Doctor, Sterling, that* although this man had presumably brought important news, not only did he avoid awakening Fu Manchu but he even left the doors of the palm-house open. However, where did he go? That's what we have to find out."

A long flight of rubber-covered stairs descended ahead of us. The walls and ceiling were covered with that same glassy material which prevailed in the radio research room. I counted sixty steps and then we came to a landing.

"Look out for traps," rapped Nayland Smith, "and distrust every foot of the way."

We tested for doors on the landing, but could find none. A further steep flight of steps branched away down to the right.

"Come on!"

The lower flight possessed the same characteristics as the higher, and terminated on another square landing. A long corridor showed beyond—so long that the light of our torches was lost in it.

"One man to stand by here," came the crisp order—"and keep in contact with the man at the top."

We pressed on. We were now reduced to a party of four. There were several bends in the passage, but its general direction according to my calculations was southerly.

"This is amazing," muttered Nayland Smith. "If it goes on much farther, I shall begin to suspect that it is a private entrance to the Casino at Monte Carlo!"

Even as he spoke, another bend unmasked the end of this remarkable passage. Branching sharply down to the right, I saw a further flight of steps—rough wooden steps; and the naked rock was all about us.

"What's this?"

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us off from the corridor. "We daren't risk it," groaned Nayland Smith

John Richard Flanagan

"We must be down to sea level."

"Fully, I should think."

Sir Denis turned; and:

"Drop out another man," he directed; "patrol between here and the end of the passage. Keep in contact with your opposite number, a shot to be the signal of any danger. Come on!"

A party of three, we pressed on down the wooden steps. There was a greater chilliness in the air, and a stale smell as of ancient rottenness. Another landing was reached, wooden planked: roughly hewn rock all about us. More wooden stairs, inclining left again.

These terminated in an arched, crudely octagonal place which bore every indication of being a natural cave. It was floored with planks, and a rugged passage, similarly timbered, led yet farther south—or so I estimated.

"Stay here," Nayland Smith directed tersely. "Keep in touch with the man at the top."

And the last of the police party was left behind.

SIR DENIS and I hurried on. Fully a hundred yards we went—and came to a yawning gap, which our lights could not penetrate. Moving slowly now, we reached the end of the passage.

"Careful!" warned Sir Denis. "By heavens! What's this?"

We stood on a narrow wharf!

Tackle lay about; crates, packing cases, coils of rope. And the sea—for I recognized that characteristic smell of the Mediterranean—lapped its edge!

But not a speck of light was visible anywhere. The water was uncannily still. One would not have suspected it to be there.

"Lights out!" snapped Sir Denis.

We extinguished our lamps. Utter darkness blanketed us.

"Don't light up!" came his voice. "I should have foreseen this. But even so I don't see how I could have provided against it. . . . My God! What's that?"

A dull, sustained note, resembling that of a muted gong, vibrated eerily through the stillness. . . . In fact, now that he had drawn my attention to it, I believed that it had been perceptible for some time, although hitherto partly drowned by the clatter of our rubber soles upon wooden steps.

For one moment I listened—and knew. . . .

"You were right, Sir Denis," I said; "this place isn't deserted. Someone is closing *the section doors!*"

"Quick! For your life! Back to the stairs. . . ."

WE TURNED and ran into the wooden-floored tunnel; our feet made a drumming sound upon the planks. The man left on duty at the foot of the stairs was missing. Up we went helter-skelter, neither of us doubting the urgency. We met with no obstruction and, breathing hard, began to race up the higher flight.

Neither patrol was to be seen. I suspected that they had gone back along the corridor to establish contact with the man at the farther end.

In confirmation of my theory, came the sound of a shot, curiously muffled and staccato, from some point far ahead.

We pulled up, panting and—staring. . . .

A section door was descending, cutting us off from the corridor! It was no more than three feet from the ground, and falling—falling—inch by inch. . . .

"We daren't risk it!" groaned Nayland Smith. "If we did, and weren't crushed, we should be shut in between this and the next."

I heard shouting in the corridor beyond: a sound of racing feet. But even as I listened and watched, the dull gray metal door was but fifteen inches above floor level, and:

"We must try back again," I said hoarsely. "There must be some way out of that place, even if we have to swim for it."

"There's no way out," Sir Denis rapped irritably. "The entrance is below sea level."

"What!"

"You saw the patches of oil on the wharf?"

"I did. But—"

"Nevertheless, we'll go back. There may be some gallery communicating with another exit."

We began to descend again.

I was trying to think, trying to see into the future. An appalling possibility presented itself to my mind: that this might be the end of everything! So tenacious is the will to live in all healthy animals that predominant above every other consideration at the moment towered that of how to escape from this ghastly cavern.

Nayland Smith's light—he was leading by a pace—shone upon the oil-stained planking of the wharf.

"Lights out!"

In complete darkness we stood there. That warning note which indicated the closing of the section doors had ceased.

They were closed.

Failing our discovery of another way out, rescue depended upon the forcing of many such obstacles!

CONSIDERING what I knew of the equipment of Ste. Claire, I realized that the whole of the party within its walls must be cut off one from another in the innumerable sections. Lacking intelligent work on the part of someone outside—and I believed the chief of police to be inside—it was a hopeless task to attempt to calculate how long we might have to wait for that rescue.

And now, a voice—a voice once heard never to be forgotten—broke the silence: it echoed eerily from wall to wall of the cavern.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith. . . ."

It was Dr. Fu Manchu speaking!

My heart throbbed painfully and I choked down an exclamation.

"You are not called upon to answer if it pleases you better to remain silent, but I know that you are there. I may add that you will remain there for a considerable time. Apart from a certain personal inconvenience, Sir Denis, do not congratulate yourself upon having altered my plans. Dr. Petrie's experiments were a menace more serious than any intrusion of yours. The impossibility of adapting my flying army to certain Russian conditions was an obstacle which in any event I had not succeeded in surmounting. However, Dr. Petrie is with me now, and his proved genius in my own special province should be of some service in the future."

I could hear Nayland Smith breathing hard close beside me, but he spoke no word.

"Mr. Alan Sterling," the guttural, mocking voice continued, "I have reconstructed your brief romance with Fleurette. It is regrettable. I remain uncertain if I can efface your handiwork. . . ."

I doubted if any man had ever participated in so fantastic a scene; and now, as if to crown its fantasy, Sir Denis spoke out of the darkness beside me.

"Who built your submarine?" he asked in an ordinary conversational tone.

And with that courtesy proper between lifelong enemies, Dr. Fu Manchu replied:

"My submersible yacht was designed by Ernst von Ebber, whose 'death' some

(Continued on page 47)

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She who gets Slapped

By Henry F. Pringle

She keeps surprising you. Just when you're sure that this twenty-six-year-old star has found her perfect part as a motherly old woman, she bursts forth in the rôle of a rowdy young one. And with equal success. But that's only a beginning. Here's the story of Diana Wynyard

ONE afternoon last January a vast crowd gathered in front of the ornate Chinese Theater in Hollywood. It craned its collective neck and watched sixteen stalwart ushers, garbed in crimson, escort a young woman across the oriental courtyard. Miss Diana Wynyard, who had just achieved screen stardom in Cavalcade, was being immortalized in cement.

That is to say, she was about to press her foot into a fresh, soft square in the courtyard pavement and leave an impression which would take its place beside the footprints of Gloria Swanson, Clark Gable and other picture luminaries of the first magnitude. Save in movie circles, however, the ceremony is not accorded proper respect. Rumors have been spread that blocks of the pavement are quietly removed at night —and with them the footprints of stars who have faded from glory. It has even been said that the paw of Rin-Tin-Tin was once among those present.

Because of all this there was some apprehension that Miss Wynyard would not fully appreciate the honor or might find the occasion faintly ridiculous. Was she not English, possibly conservative and certainly unfamiliar with the more bizarre customs of Hollywood? When it was all over, someone gave voice to this fear. But the lovely Diana looked surprised. No, she said with obvious sincerity, she had not minded in the least. On the contrary, she had been very much pleased.

This reaction reveals an adaptability, amounting almost to imperturbability, which is characteristic. Miss Wynyard has none of those gusty temperamental weaknesses almost universal among members of her profession. She is so calm, reasonable and good-natured that she sometimes puzzles theatrical producers. They have wondered, as Diana continues to refrain from hysterics, whether she can really be a great actress after all. Miss Wynyard arrived in Hollywood just a year ago, for instance, after critical acclaim in her first Broadway show. Although a success on the London and American stage, she had never acted for the screen and knew only one or two people on the Coast. She was greeted with a command to hurry to the studio at once and start work on a super-super-super epic called Rasputin and the Empress in which the three Barrymores—Lionel, Ethel and Jack—were to glitter.

She Didn't Mind Hollywood

Most youthful actresses, no matter how talented, would have been reduced to a state of acute nervousness by a single member of the Royal Family. Diana Wynyard did not bat a blue eye at the three of them. Actual shooting began four days later. Work was well under way when she was told that the leading feminine rôle in Cavalcade had been assigned to her and that production of both pictures would go on concurrently. So she divided her time between playing a Russian lady-in-waiting and the poignant Jane Marryot of Cavalcade.

In the morning Lionel Barrymore, as Rasputin, would jabber at her through his whiskers. In the afternoon she shed tears for Old England and watched her husband and son go off to war. During her spare time Miss Wynyard moved from the Hollywood hotel, where she had hastily registered, to a small house in the neighboring hills. There she settled down, with all the poise of the traditional English explorer who drags a bathtub through darkest Africa. And before very long she had decided that she liked Hollywood. Her friends in England had told her that she would find America pretty awful. Her friends in New York had said that movieland would be awful, too—but Miss Wynyard found all the warnings without foundation. During her stay in Hollywood she played in four pictures, three of them important enough to be shown in de luxe fashion on Broadway instead of in standard picture houses. Her most recent is Reunion in Vienna, in which she plays a part wholly different from the others. It is her greatest personal success thus far; the applause she received from Cavalcade was partly due to the unusual excellence of the picture itself.

Miss Wynyard, as far as I know, is the only actress to have had her face slapped by two-thirds of the Barrymore clan. Ethel, alone, has desisted. Lionel Barrymore took a crack at her during Rasputin and the Empress. It was apparently a brutal blow and the cameras stopped while a prop boy rushed out and smeared some red paint on her face. In the finished film this looked like blood.

But Lionel is an expert lady slapper. He seems to hit out ferociously, whereas, in fact, his blows are quite light. His younger brother, John, is not so skillful.

(Continued on page 36)

Photographed for Collier's by Lee Miller

Diana Wynyard is England's newest contribution to the American screen

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Every policy you buy should be part of a planned Program of Protection

"Those two men in the next office are older than you and probably need Insurance Programs entirely different from the one you ought to have."

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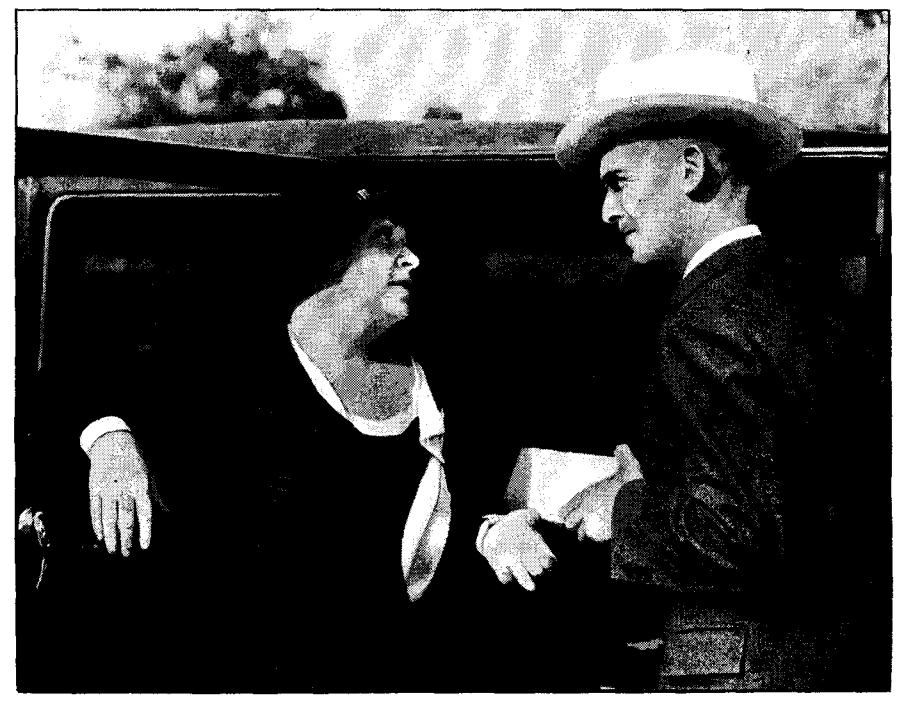
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

"The Old Car Comes

A Mobiloil Movie with ADOLPHE MENJOU,* DOROTHY MACKAILL

1 HUSBAND: "I wish we hadn't been roped into going to the Lake with the Chases this week-end. Our car will look so shabby beside their grand new car."



2 WIFE: "I know, but Mrs. Chase says their car is laid up for repairs—even if it is new. Unless we all go in our car, we can't go. And I don't want to disappoint Jimmy."

4 HUSBAND: "I found that good oil makes most any car last longer and run better and cost less. I stick to Mobiloil and never use anything else."

5 MRS. CHASE: "My husband certainly seemed impressed with the way your car runs."

*Now appearing in Columbia's "The Circus Queen Murder"

Over the 4th make sure your car gets Double-Range

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Through!"

and THE GLEASONS

3 CHASE: "Say, this old bus of yours certainly runs well.—Four years old?—How in the world do you do it!"

6 HUSBAND: "The Chases were nice, weren't they? And Mr. Chase certainly couldn't get over the way our car runs. He seemed tickled to death about that Mobiloil tip I gave him."

Save oil costs
Save car costs

Today's speeds give oils double the wallop they took 3 years ago. That is why—today—you need Mobiloil. It can take punishment—because it is *double-range.* Drive slow . . . you get no gum or carbon. Drive fast . . . Mobiloil does not thin out dangerously. You save expensive repairs. You lengthen car life. And because Mobiloil lasts longer, your yearly oil bill is actually *less.* That is why—at 30¢ a quart—Mobiloil is the largest-selling oil in the world. Change to Mobiloil today!

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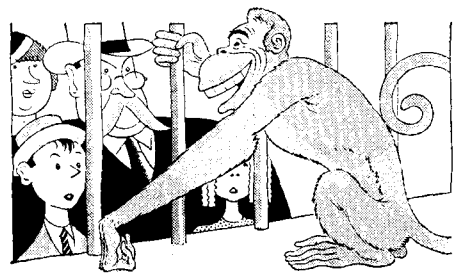
All the Answers

By Don Marquis

ARCHY ON THE AIR

Question: Archy, what do you think of the country now?
Archy: dont ask me that until
it all comes out of the wringer
it sort of reminds me of a man
who set out to make
ten million dollars
and he worked at it so hard
that the nerve specialists
charged him twenty million dollars
to straighten him out again
Question: What do you think of the New Beer?
Archy: if it was a little stronger
i wouldn't have to think at all
what you want in beer
is a sedative which takes away
the necessity of thought
i should like to see
the decimal point removed
one space to the right
Question: Do you believe that the world economic conference will bring relief to the human race?
Archy: that depends very largely
on the human race
and speaking of the human race
reminds me of the last time
i was up at the zoo
i paused in front of a cage
where a lot of monkeys were
chuckling at the visitors
and i asked one monkey what
the simians were laughing at
Question: What did this undoubtedly intelligent monkey answer you, Archy?
Archy: he said to me
we are laughing because
we were too wise to evolve
into human beings when evolution
was the fashion among the simian species
honest to goodness archy
human beings are just as funny
to us monkeys
as monkeys are to human beings
Question: What do you think this week, Archy, of the general proposition of debt settlement?
Archy: i think if the world
can agree on a currency
that is not worth anything at all
america will stand a chance
of getting payment in full
Question: What do you think of the idea of a gold embargo?
Archy: well i knew one fellow
so patriotic that when
the government asked everybody
to please return their gold
or else go to jail
he sent his teeth to washington
with a note to the treasury department
to pick out the fillings
he said they were not much use
to him anyhow if he could not
get enough to eat



Many a soft-hearted fellow who can refuse nothing to himself has hardened arteries.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Two highballs cost a quarter
And the beer was eight per cent!

A jealous woman holds a man guilty of everything until he proves his innocence. After he proves his innocence she merely suspects him.

As Archy the Inspired Cockroach has so often pointed out in these columns, the main thing the trouble with the world is the Human Race. . . . If there were more quality and less quantity, all the ills that beset the poor bewildered planet would vanish like the mists of early dawn. There are various schemes for making the human species over into what it should be, and from time to time the eugenic theory, the genetic prescription, is seriously urged by philosophic and scientific sharks . . . the supervised breeding of superior populations. I am not altogether sold on this proposition, however, for incalculable elements come bobbing up, which the scientific sharks are unable to regulate and control; as Archy might sing himself:

eugenics it is for to laugh
for the son of a two headed calf
with fodder and prayer
and curried with care
may grow to a bull and a half
and the eggs of a sensible hen
may be perfectly crazy so then
what in the deuce
is eugenics excuse
and why should we try it on men

America was never destined to be ruled by Reds. Ask the Indians, they know.

The fingerprints around the Chinese nervous centers look like those of a well known jiujitsu expert.

When a man's friends prove to him that it was all his own fault, they seem to get the foolish notion that they have cheered him up.

The man who knows the Inside Dope about every situation, usually doesn't know anything else.

The world will forgive a man for his Ideals so long as he doesn't live up to them.

Of course, nobody *wants* a war with the Japs . . . but if it comes, the U. S. might be able to take California from them.

Some women flatter themselves that they are vampires, when in fact they are only mosquitoes.

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

We stand a chance of getting payment in full

I hope you gave all that gold of yours back to the government within the time limit set. Or did you figure that it would be cheaper to spend the next year or so in a prison cell and let the government support you?

All financial questions come down to this: How much of the stuff of life are you willing to barter for a dollar?

If European civilization . . . results in another big war . . . which may wipe out European civilization . . . the question is, what good was the civilization . . . which resulted in the catastrophe which wiped it out . . . and wasn't it time that it was superseded by another experiment?

One thing about these dictators who have sprung up like a crop of early summer mushrooms all over the world—they are keeping it safe from democracy.

If you are troubled with dandruff, go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The motion sends the blood to the head and that makes a healthy scalp.

Moles may be removed by sliding down Pike's Peak—on the moles.

Foreign correspondents prosphesy another big war in Europe as cheerfully as if they did not know that the last one is what is the matter now.

This is an age of exact definition. A man who teaches candidates for radio auditions to play the saxophone told me the other day that he was "an artist."

Serious Thinkers, in wise little groups,
Breathlessly rush to and fro,
Firmly convinced that their looping the loops
Is what makes the universe go!

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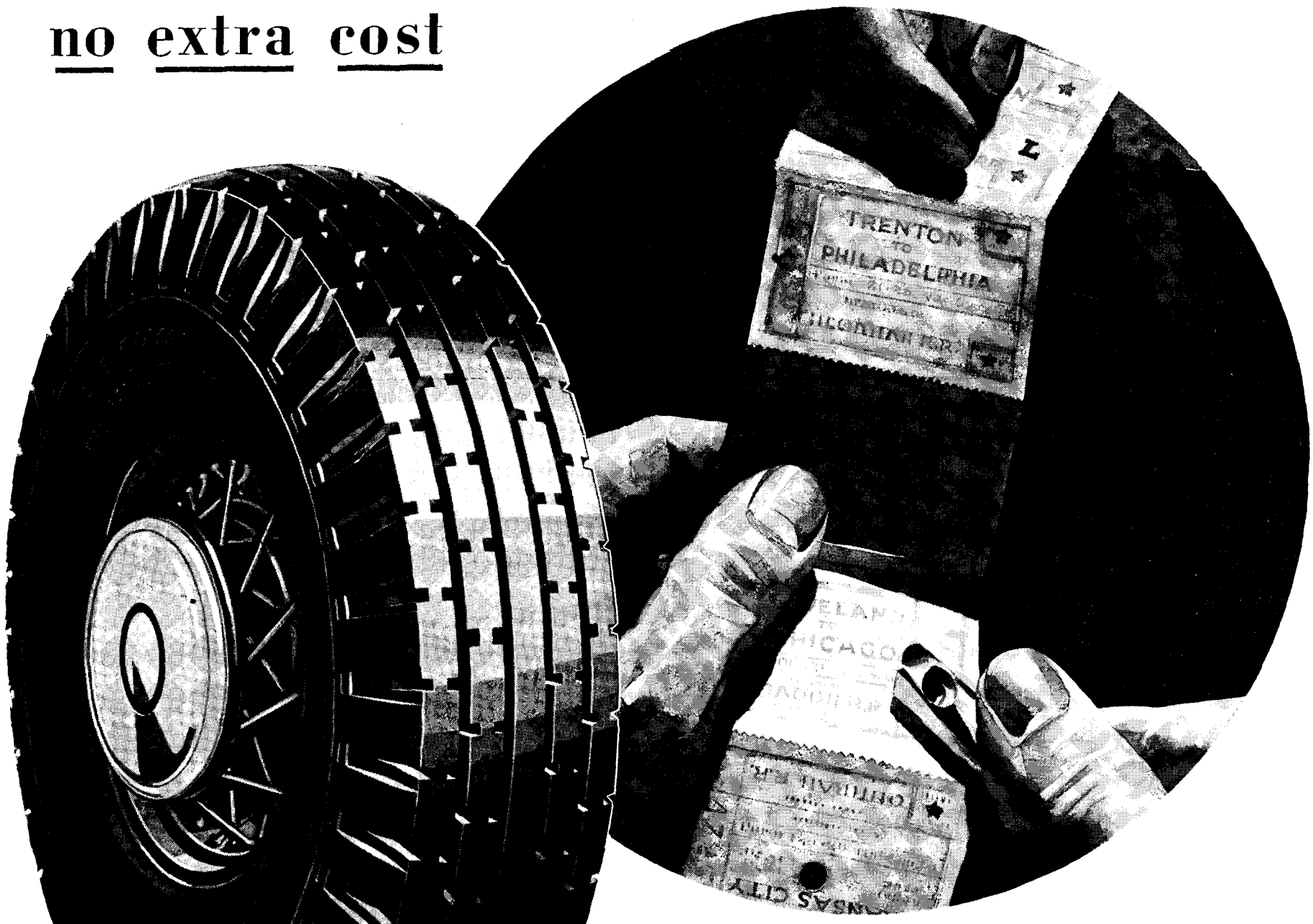

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Master of Arts

Continued from page 15

"Oh, do you? You're not doing very much about it."

"What? . . . Why, I've asked you to marry me three or four times—"

"And do you know why I've always put you off?" she demanded. He obviously didn't. "You like my looks, don't you, Sylvester?"

"Of course. You're the most beautiful woman I have ever looked at."

"So all you do is sit around and look at me," she accused him.

"But—" He was very red. "But surely you haven't forgotten that—er—that more than once you've permitted me to kiss you."

"Permitted you? I practically asked you to. . . . I suppose it would have been unscientific for you to start kissing me of your own accord and see how I liked it." His face was purple now.

"Well, yes, since you ask me! It *would* be unscientific to—to rush you off your feet. When you're planning for the rest of your life—"

"You want to be sure you've compensated your indices," she finished, "and extrapolated your trend lines, before you do anything rash. I see. Well—I'd better be getting back to my desk."

"What are you doing this evening? I've got tickets for a lecture on the problems of a gold-basis money."

"That would be lovely, my dear, but unfortunately I've promised to go to a party at the Blaisdells'." She paused. . . . He really was a solid person, a man any woman ought to be proud of; and the sort of parties the Blaisdells threw might loosen him up. . . . "Why don't you come along?" she proposed. "They'd love to meet you."

"Thank you; I haven't time for penthouse parties. Neither have you, when you've got to be at your desk at nine tomorrow morning. And on a party like that you're apt to drink too much—"

"I never drink too much! . . . That is, not unless I feel like it," she said. Then they went back to the office.

TOWARD dusk it began to snow, a light, feathery flutter. By ten o'clock, when Marian started for the party, the streets were white. She couldn't afford taxis, but still less could she afford to ruin her best slippers and stockings by walking to the subway. So she took a taxi; but that moment's hesitation had dramatized her position. This couldn't go on.

She'd have to readjust, come down to earth, live within her income even if it meant giving up the apartment where she could receive her friends. She'd have to do something about Sylvester too—get on with him better, or definitely get off. He was difficult, but a clever woman could manage him if she cared enough to take the trouble. . . . But not tonight; this one last time, in her best evening gown and the caracul coat that didn't look its age, she could be the Big Business Woman relaxing in her leisure hours. When she walked into the Blaisdells' penthouse overlooking the Park she looked, and felt, as if she were coming home.

There was a huge room, warm and brightly lighted, crowded and noisy; the haze of cigarette smoke was flavored with a dozen blended scents. At one end of the room a dozen couples were dancing to the radio; at the other was a long buffet where smartly dressed men and exquisite women stood about eating caviar sandwiches, and drinking champagne, and talking cheerfully. Marian joined them, had a drink, danced and had some more drinks—but her sense of homecoming was gone. She was lonesome. She might have been happier if Sylvester had come with her—but Sylvester wouldn't be happy; and she was afraid she was happier here without Sylvester than she would be with him, listening to a lecture on the gold standard. . . .

"Marian," said somebody, "do you know Kirkland Page? Just back from California—" Marian looked up—tall as she was, she had to look up—into a sunburned face, reckless gray eyes.

"California?" she said. "Hollywood?"

"No!" He grinned. "I am a mining engineer—in charge of a gold operation in the foothills. Where the old Forty-niners used to work."

"Really? I'm with the Cosmic Mining Corporation myself. . . . I'm a personnel executive," she felt impelled to add; but he wasn't impressed.

"I'LL bet that keeps you pretty busy. . . . But we don't want to waste time talking about the C. M. C. Let's dance."

They danced. Then they went off to the glass-walled gallery overlooking the Park and talked. What they talked about Marian never could remember, but she felt an unnatural exhilaration, the reckless gayety of Cinderella. After a time, somebody stood beside her, telling her that she was wanted on the telephone.

"Mamma! Look what I found!" *Bill Holman*

"I'll wait here," Page told her as she rose. He didn't seem to doubt that she would come back to him; neither did she. . . . In a bedroom, she took up the telephone.

"Hello. . . . Oh! Sylvester!" His dry voice cracked a spell, brought her back to the world she lived in every day. "What's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "You're not ill, are you?"

"Ill? Not at all. I've been to the lecture."

"The lecture? . . . Oh, yes. How was it?" (As if she cared.)

"Fine," he said heartily. "But I didn't call you up just to tell you that. Did you know that it's a quarter past twelve?"

"No, I can't say that I did. What of it?"

"You've got to be at your desk at nine. I thought you might be ready for me to come up there to take you home."

"Don't bother, thanks. I'm having a fine time. Somebody will take me home, when I'm ready to go."

"That's what I'm afraid of," he confessed. "If you stay around there till all hours, drinking champagne—"

"I won't be safe with anybody but you? . . . Thank you!" she said furiously. "I don't need a keeper yet!"

She slammed the telephone back on the hook—and then she began to wonder if he might not be right, as usual. She really hadn't had very much to drink, yet she'd been acting, and feeling, as if Kirk Page were the only other person at the party. She'd better dance with other men, and go home by herself.

She returned with the firm intention of dancing with the first man who asked her; but she found herself refusing one after another, making her way back to the glass-walled gallery. Page turned as she came up; he gave her a sudden hard look that made her feel weak and quivery. . . . Desperately, she made a last clutch at her good resolutions.

"It's getting late, Kirk, for a working woman. I've got to go."

"Why? C. M. C. executives don't have to punch a time clock, I hope."

She flushed, ashamed of that silly fiction. If the way she felt about him meant anything at all she ought to tell him she wasn't an executive, and tell him now. . . . But as she opened her mouth to tell him the truth, the hostess bore down on them and talked and talked; and when she left them Kirk Page turned back to Marian—

"If you've got to go," he said, "may I take you home?"

In the taxi they wouldn't be interrupted; she could explain that silly story about her being an executive, make him understand. . . .

"I was rather hoping you would," she said.

THE night was palely bright, street lamps reflected from the snow. Their taxi rolled slowly down the slippery street; his reckless gray eyes smiled at her; he took her in his arms. She gasped, held him off.

"Do you think I let every man who takes me home in a taxi make love to me?"

"No. . . ." He wasn't smiling now; and suddenly she could hold him off no longer. You couldn't feel this way about a man you'd just met; but she did. . . . The next thing she knew the taxi had stopped—in front of her house. They got out; he stood, hat in hand, by the waiting car.

"But you're coming up, aren't you?" she said.

"No. . . . I'd better not, Marian."

"But—there are some things I've got to tell you."

She hoped, also, that he had things to tell her—for instance, that he loved her; he hadn't got around to mentioning that, yet.

"I'll call you up tomorrow," he said. "Are you free for lunch?"

"Yes. I can meet you anywhere downtown."

"I'll call you," he repeated, looking at her as if he never expected to see her again. . . . Well, she reflected, that was the sensible way to start it; go to lunch, and get acquainted, and then see what happened. Only the essential thing seemed to have happened already.

His taxi was vanishing around the corner before she realized that if he called the C. M. C. he'd ask for the personnel department, which knew Miss Hollins only as one of a thousand names on file cards. And she didn't even know where he was staying.

NINE o'clock found Miss Hollins at her desk, greeting callers with a politely inquiring "Yes?" that sounded like something by Debussy. She looked like a morning in May (not without effort) but she felt like a morning in January. A morning like this, with a cold downpour of rain, turned the snow on the sidewalks into ankle-deep slush, and discovered unsuspected leaks in your galoshes.

But she wouldn't have minded the weather, or anything else, if she could only have got herself straightened out about last night.

Really it hadn't been like her at all. And she hadn't had too much to drink. She almost wished she had, for then her behavior would have been more explicable. To let a man she'd just met make love to her; to make love to him—as if she meant it— And she had meant it, at the moment. . . . But how could he know it wasn't like her? What was he thinking about her this morning? Or was he thinking about her at all?

And he was to take her to lunch. The moment she came into the office she'd asked the switchboard girl to look out for calls for a Miss Hollins in the personnel department; and now she wished she hadn't. For they might look utterly different to each other this morning. In her mood of last night it would have been easy to confess that she wasn't an executive, that she didn't have enough intellectual honesty to live on her salary and be candidly grateful for her job. But all that would sound pretty silly if she had to tell it across the luncheon table.

IT WAS a dull morning; she'd never realized how many of the people who came to her desk were salesmen or drifting time-killers till this rainy morning that kept them away. Sometimes, for ten minutes or more, she'd be alone in the reception-room; she had plenty of time to think—and what fun that was! She jumped every time her telephone rang, but always it was a routine office call. She ought to be glad; it was a crazy idea that she and Kirk Page could go on from where they left off last night. Still, when noon had come she couldn't resist asking at the switchboard if there had been any calls for a Miss Hollins in personnel, and felt rather sick when she learned that there hadn't. But perhaps the girl on the switchboard had forgotten—

Suddenly she sat up with a gasp. Something had occurred to her that explained why he wouldn't come up to her apartment, why he hadn't said he loved her; why he had looked at her, as they parted, as if he'd never see her again. He was married, of course. Every man with a job as good as his was married

(Continued on page 32)

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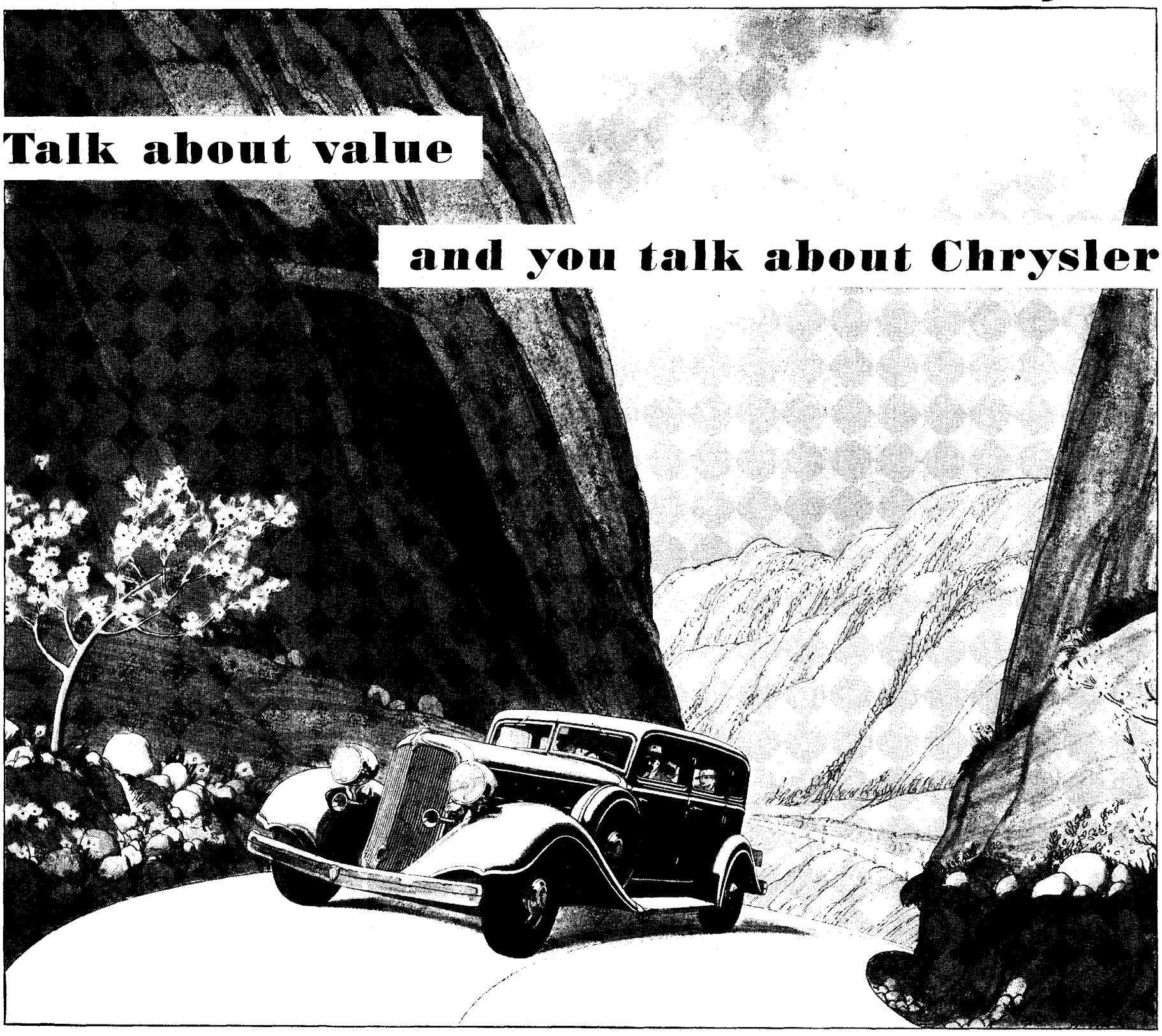

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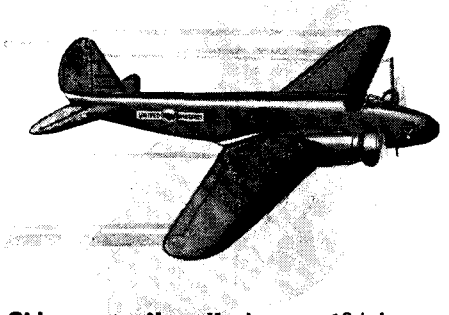

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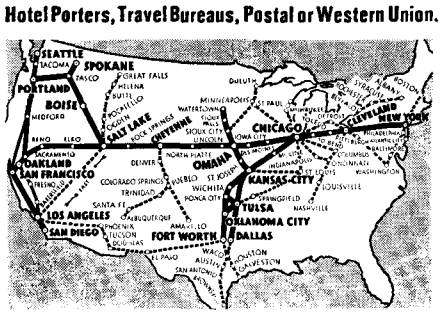

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Master of Arts

Continued from page 30

—caught early. And however he might have felt last night, he realized that there was no good in going on. . . .

The outer door clicked; across the empty reception-room she saw Sylvester coming toward her.

"I—I happened to be downtown," he said transparently, "and I thought maybe I'd find you ready to go out to lunch."

"I'm so sorry, Sylvester. I'm engaged for lunch."

"Oh. . . . How do you feel?"

"Fine," she lied, and tried to look it. "Why not?"

"I wondered. . . . Who took you home from the party?"

"Nobody." But she felt her face turning pink as she said it. Even Sylvester knew that was a lie. He stared at her; then—

"Now, listen!" he said hoarsely. "This has got to stop."

"What's got to stop? The economic organism?"

"Damn the economic organism. I can't stand not knowing where you are, what you're doing— Marian, will you marry me today? Call off your lunch date and go with me to the Marriage License Bureau instead—"

"Good heavens, what's the hurry?"

"The hurry is that I'm crazy about you. . . . I know I've gone about everything the wrong way. We're different, but we could find out how to get along together if we tried—" His voice gave out.

She knew she ought to say yes. It was time for her to readjust, cut out the nonsense and settle down to facts. He was her best friend, a man any woman ought to be proud of; and she was clever enough to get along with him, if she tried. . . . Silly to stand there speechless just on account of a man she'd seen once and would probably never see again. . . . But she knew Sylvester could never make her feel what Kirk Page had made her feel last night. It wasn't reasonable, it wasn't sense; but there it was and she couldn't help it.

"I—I can't," she stammered. "I'm so terribly sorry—"

She supposed they said more; they must have said more before Sylvester gave up and went away; but whatever was said it all came down to that—she was so terribly sorry, but she couldn't. . . . She decided she needed a drink of water, or at least the nervous relief of walking to the water cooler. Standing beside it, she heard the outer door click once more, saw a man stooping over her desk, writing on the pad of blanks. She came back, swiftly.

"Yes?" she said, and he looked up. "Oh," said Marian.

"FOR Pete's sake!" said Kirk Page. "What are you doing here?"

"I work here. I told you, but you've probably forgotten."

"I haven't." He seemed confused. "But why aren't you at your desk?"

"I am at my desk; I'm the receptionist. . . . I was going to tell you when Mrs. Blaisdell interrupted us, and I meant to tell you afterward in the taxi—I know it was unbelievably cheap and silly of me to pretend. I am a personnel executive by training, as it happens, and I did mean to tell you. But I know what you must think of me now—"

"Do you?" he said softly. She couldn't meet his eyes. She looked down at her desk, at the pad on which he had been scribbling. A familiar formula:

Mr. . . . . Kirkland Page
To see . . . . . Mr. J. B. Grandine
About . . . . . A job

"Oh!" She looked up. "So you weren't coming to see me at all."

"I was! As soon as I'd seen about—"

"But you told me you had a job!" she recalled. "In charge of a gold operation in California—" He was grinning wryly.

"Marian, did you think you were putting up the only false front at that party? I'll bet half those people, if we only knew it— Anyway, I am a mining engineer and I have been working in California—working with a pan and a pick and shovel, going after what odds and ends of gold the Forty-niners overlooked in the river beds. It's not a bad game if you don't mind sleeping in a tent. I made my keep for a year and had enough left over to come back to New York and look for a job. I didn't want to try the C. M. C. at first for—personal reasons—"

"I SEE," said Marian. "When you've been making love to a lady whom you supposed to be a personnel executive, you rather hate to ask her for a job the next morning."

"Don't be a fool!" He stood beside her, gripped her arms. The reception-room happened to be empty but he obviously wouldn't have cared if it had been crowded. "I didn't want to see you till I had a job, Marian. . . . Things happened pretty fast last night. Nothing like it ever hit me before. I didn't know how you'd feel this morning; but if you still felt the same way—"

"Oh," she said weakly. "Then you're not married?"

"Not yet. But if I got a job I was going to ask you—"

"Oh. . . . Don't ask Mr. Grandine, Kirk. Mr. Beaton does the hiring, when there is any. But I'm afraid—"

"There's got to be a job!" said Kirk Page. "I haven't even got car fare back to California. If I had I could still support myself in the placers—but a woman like you would go mad out there."

"Would I? What do you know about a woman like me?"

"That party last night," he said. "You fitted it all so perfectly—glitter and fragrance—"

"I do like parties," she admitted. "But I can't afford that sort of thing. I'd just decided it was about time for a—a drastic readjustment. . . . I could sleep in a tent, Kirk, and I'm pretty good at camp cooking. And I've got three hundred dollars—enough to take us both to California, if you think there's still gold in them thar hills—"

AT JUST that moment J. B. Grandine, depressed by the weather and Bolivian tin, decided to go out to lunch through the front office and take a good look at Miss Hollins, and cheer himself up. He took a good look at Miss Hollins, enfolded in Kirk Page's arms; then he cleared his throat. They started; Kirk Page looked around and grinned.

"Hello, Uncle Jim. I was just on my way to see you."

"Oh, you were? What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Well, when I finished at Tech you said you wouldn't give me a job unless I could support myself with a pick and shovel. I've done it—going after gold in the Sierra foothills."

"Gold!" said J. B. Grandine. "That's the stuff. If there's any of it left you'd better go back after it. I can't make a job for you."

"No? I think some of those old workings would still be commercially profitable. I've prospected around, made some estimates. If the C. M. C. could finance the job—"

"Come inside and tell me about it," said Grandine. "That is—er—Miss Hollins—"

"She'd better come too," said Kirk Page firmly. "We were just talking about—trains to California."

"Uh!" said Grandine. "I'd been feeling that something ought to be done about Miss Hollins—wishing we could give her the sort of job she's trained for. . . . You used to be a flighty young hellion, Kirk; but you might be worth betting some money on if you're getting ready to put yourself under the direction of a Master of Arts in personnel management."

"Would you mind undoing these bandages so I can get my hat off?"

Margaret Trafford

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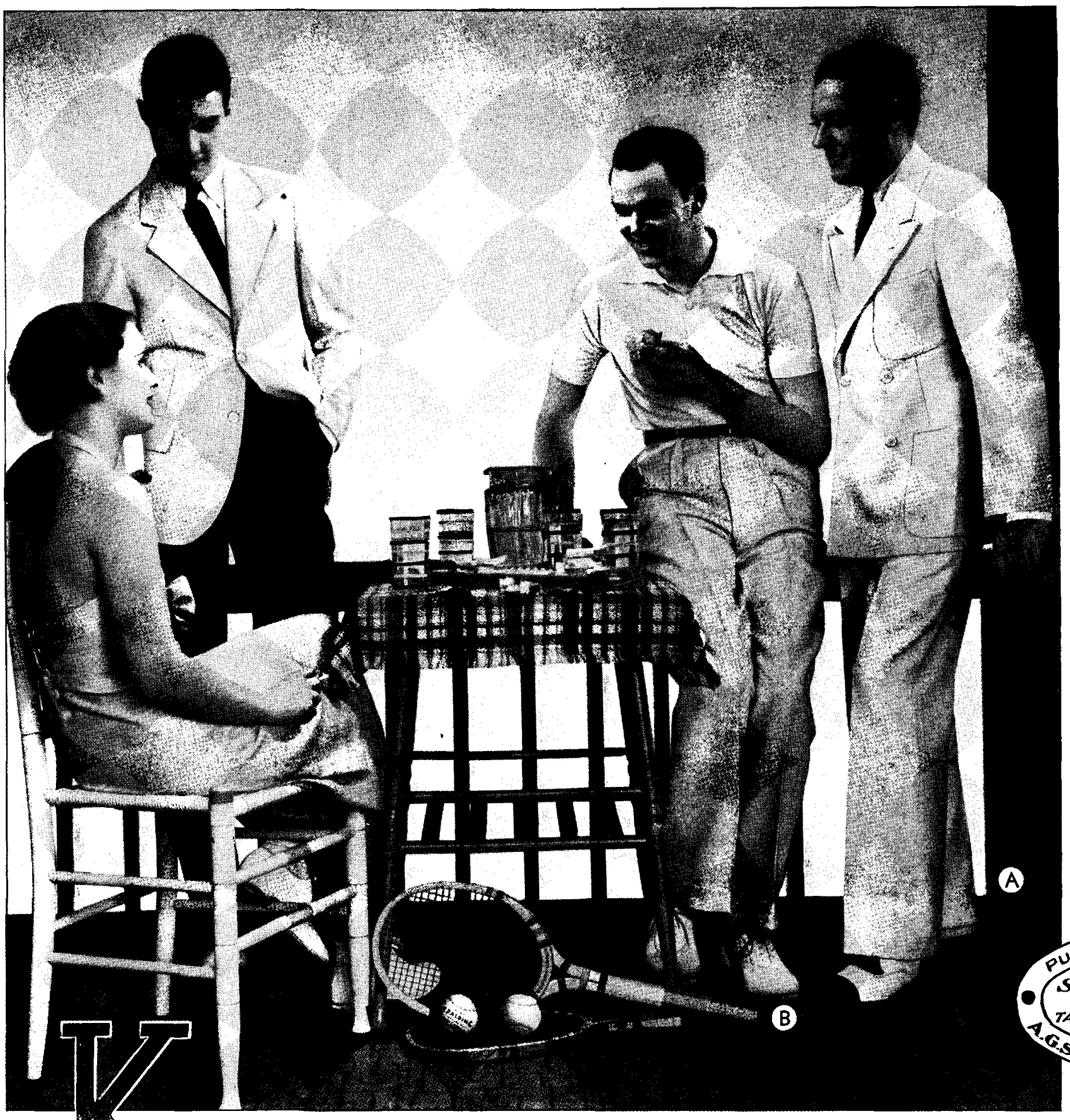

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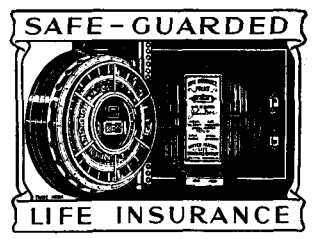

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Starlight Rider

Continued from page 9

"Why—!" exclaimed the girl, jerking up her chin. It was half-dark now and he thought that was her reason for stepping a pace closer. But the light of her glance was so quick and alive that he guessed another reason.

"I'm the wolf with the long teeth that folks tell the little girl about, to be certain she stays in bed."

"I have heard of you," admitted Lynn Isherwood.

"But not from folks who would know much good of me."

"I have heard about you from almost every man or woman I know or met since I came here," said she. "I guess you are the staple of conversation in this country. Do you know how I had you pictured, hearing all these things said?"

"Sure. I'm a fellow with a granite face—a black, beetling mug. When I laugh, it's like a file goin' the wrong way across a saw. I possess neither charity, faith nor hope, and I have wrecked more barrooms than Carry Nation, for different cause. The things I do make no sense to the citizens and they have ceased to figure why, any more. If there is ever any trouble around Powder, the first thing folks want to know is, where was Hugh Tracy? That's the picture you had."

"That is half of the picture. What is the other half?"

"Isn't any."

SHE watched him for a long while and he saw her lips purse. A piece of a smile came to her face. "Just as well, then, that you think so."

"It's dark," said Hugh. "You'd better get on the road to home."

She turned away and climbed out of the depression, disappearing in another. When she came back it was a-saddle and she halted some fifty feet from him with a small, gay laugh falling across the dark: "If I came nearer, you'd read this pony's brand and know where I belonged."

"I will know soon enough."

"Hugh Tracy—don't find me. Please don't."

He refused to let the statement ride. "Is there any good reason why I shouldn't?"

"Trouble."

"Who for?"

"You," said she, reluctantly.

"Good night," said Hugh. "And if you are crossin' this Mogul plateau, don't leave the beaten road at any time. You'd get lost in a minute."

"All right," answered Lynn Isherwood. "Remember, I have lived in this sort of country all my life—in Nevada. Thanks again, for not asking me what you wanted to ask. And, by the way, there is another side of the Hugh Tracy controversy. I have heard all of it, and I know. Good night."

He watched her until she vanished behind the screen of darkness. Long after, when the last clacking echo of her pony dimmed in the south, he went to his own horse and rode homeward. Making a quiet survey of the yard, he spread his blankets in the wrecked house. He had not eaten since breakfast and his bones ached with that weariness which fights off sleep. Lying face upward to the black ceiling, he realized he would never be able to light a lamp inside this house until Powder country had changed its appointed ways—and until he had met a man.

On Mogul's vast plateau, eleven miles southwest of Hugh Tracy's place as the road runs, lay Tade Shadrow's home ranch—nerve center of eighty thousand owned acres and of twice as much government free range.

TS home quarters was a depressing place, without a tree to shade it and without a single grace to redeem the squat ugliness of its paintless buildings. One dusty road led through a maze of corral and barns to a plaza, around which stood the sheds, the shops, the store, the bunkhouses, the mess hall. Exactly at such an angle in this plaza as to command every point of activity, sat the main house—a long, low structure—galleried on three sides. Tade Shadrow's office ran the length of the house on the front side and here he sat at present, doing what he had often done before and doing it very well—firing a hand.

The hand stood in the middle of the room, hat crushed in one fist; a lank young man with agate-green eyes and a raw red face flushed to deeper crimson by a stubborn anger not altogether free of worry. Shadrow was in a chair behind his desk, badly aged at fifty. Worth a fortune, he showed the unkempt condition of a twenty-dollar roustabout. He was smallish and scrawny and his head, the only well-developed part of him, hung forward on a thin neck. Beneath an utterly hairless crown was a face infinitely lined—shrewd with an animal shrewdness. A straggling sorrel mustache guarded thin lips made thinner by pressure; a nose, narrow and long, swooped out between close-placed eye sockets. In those eyes was the only visible sign of remaining vigor. Dark and half-lidded, they burned with an intense energy. And it was evident that as much as the hand disliked the scene, old Tade Shadrow enjoyed it.

"When I hire a man," said he in a grumbling, singsong voice, "I hire him to do like I say."

"I rode that line," said the hand, doggedly. "I was there all the time."

"Looky here, Bones; don't contradict *me!* You was seen two nights ago way to hell and gone over in Testervis country. Ain't that right, Tolbert? Wasn't he seen over there?"

BONES shifted and looked around at the third man in the room, who was the TS foreman. Inordinately tall and shackle-jointed, Tolbert's face was hard and smooth and expressionless. All he did now was to nod slightly.

"You bet he was," said Tade Shadrow.

"Never denied it, did I?" retorted Bones. "I was chasin' strays like I told you."

"Ha—strays thirteen miles north of you," ridiculed Shadrow. "It won't work."

Bones flared up. "You and your damned job can go take a runnin' leap in the ocean. Pay me off and I'm glad to shake the dust of this haywire outfit from my feet. I wouldn't work no more for an old scoundrel like you if I starved!"

Shadrow looked over to his foreman, amused. "Hard, ain't he?"

"Give me my pay," muttered Bones.

"You'll get it," grumbled Shadrow, and reached for his work ledger. When he turned the pages, his face assumed a pinched expression. "You been here," he said reluctantly, "six months."

"Seven," contradicted Bones, wary-eyed.

"Dammit!" shouted Shadrow, "I said six! Here it is in the books! Stand there and try to beat me out of a month's pay, will you?"

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Bones stirred, looked again at the foreman so quiet and still behind him. "All right," he said, wearily. "Let it ride at six."

"Store bill," mused Shadrow, following his tracing finger, "is a hundred and eight dollars and ninety-seven cents."

Bones walked forward, holding out his hand.

"Something wrong there. Let me see that book."

Shadrow closed the ledger and put his hand across it, erupting again: "Bones, I'll stand no more from you! It looks to me like you're huntin' trouble, and I'm tellin' you this is a mighty good place to get it!"

Bones halted. "I never bought that much, I'm tellin' you."

"And thirty dollars you borrowed a couple months ago," said Shadrow rapidly, "which leaves forty-one, 'ought three." He reached for a slip of paper and held it toward Bones. "There's your check for forty-one dollars less the odd three cents, which is of no account to you."

BONES seized the check and went to the door. In the opening he swung swiftly about.

"Shadrow, you've done cheated me by a good eighty dollars!" he yelled, bitterly outraged. "You miserable skinflint, that'll come floatin' home to you one day! Mark my word!" He threw himself backward, and a little later the two men heard him drum out of the yard.

Shadrow emitted a dry, pleased chuckle and settled in the chair.

Lake Tolbert moved away from the wall and sat down, long legs folding up in front of him. "He'll go to the Testervis side."

"No, he won't," contradicted Shadrow. "The Testervis boys wouldn't hire a man who had worked for me."

The foreman only said: "He'll essay to get his eighty dollars somehow."

"Of course he will," agreed Shadrow. "That's why I sent for Sid Maunders. Ain't he here yet?"

Tolbert shook his head, whereat Shadrow drummed his knuckles impatiently on the desk top and fell to grumbling. "There's another gentleman getting mighty fancy. He takes his own good time comin' on my call."

Tolbert said nothing and Shadrow's lip corners went downward. "I know men. He'd cut my throat if he could. For that matter there ain't a hand on this ranch who wouldn't steal from me. Not a one, Tolbert."

The clatter of a pony's hoofs beat across the hard-packed yard and a deep, surly voice said: "Stop fiddlin' or I'll saw your confounded jaws apart. I don't like this starvation stop no more'n you do."

Lake Tolbert's steady stare met Shadrow's eyes and appeared to indicate something. The light coming through the doorway was blocked off by a body almost square from shoulder to hip. Two heavy, hair-felted wrists clung to a blackened belt. A columnar neck rose straight to small, flat ears and beneath the flare of a low-crowned hat was a broad face studded by two dull and insolent eyes.

"Broke both legs gettin' here," grumbled Shadrow, sarcasm edging the words.

"Well, I'm here, ain't I?" retorted Maunders.

Shadrow moved around in his chair. But not for long. I fired Willy Bones a minute ago."

Maunders looked a question.

"He considers himself grieved," Shadrow went on, "and like all other fools he'll essay to steal beef off me. There's too much of that among the riders of this ranch and it is high time they had an example set."

Maunders stood still, not shifting his attention.

"Bones," continued Shadrow, "will go right for the piece of country he knows best—back of Antelope, where Mogul feeds off towards Two Spot Butte. Ride now so you can be planted when he gets there. If he don't do anything, follow him till he does."

Lake Tolbert brought his head down to Shadrow, small hard lines springing around the noncommittal eyes; and as the three confronted one another, Willy Bones' fate was sealed beyond a doubt. Once more it was Shadrow who broke the spell, lifting an impatient hand. "Get goin', Sid."

"Write me out a requisition on the store for grub."

Instantly Shadrow turned querulous. "Can't you turn around without wantin' somethin'? You left here last time with ten days' provisions and you was only gone a week. Where's the other three days' stuff?"

"Gave it to a Testervis hand I found hungry," said Maunders, ironically. "Listen, Shadrow, I don't see why in thunder you got me and Tolbert on your payroll at all, considerin' how you pick at us."

It seemed to strike Shadrow as being funny, for he grinned and let out a squeaky "he-he." He looked at the big gunman. "Don't you know? Tolbert's to keep you honest and you're to see Tolbert don't double-cross me." Still chuckling, he reached for his pencil and a slip of paper. The other two swapped quick glances and Maunders said, "Add a couple boxes of shells to that requisition."

Shadrow reared back. "That reminds me. Hugh Tracy come home yesterday."

The effect on Maunders was to drag him out of his imbedded stolidity. Brighter light quickened the dull eyes, the flat-featured face lengthened in astonishment. He hauled himself erect, shot a swift question at Shadrow:

"Where is he now?"

"Don't know. At his ranch, maybe."

"Well," insisted Maunders, "what are you goin' to do about it? Leave him run loose?"

"That's best, for now."

"Not to my mind," countered Maunders. "I'm the fellow who—"

"Who takes orders," finished Shadrow. "Here's your requisition. And on second thought maybe you had ought to practice hittin' somethin' for a change. Tolbert, where you goin'?"

THE foreman had risen and turned to the door. "Ain't you finished?"

"No," said Shadrow, "I've got something serious to say to the both of you. We've been snoozin' long enough. I ain't had a word for three days as to what the Testervis boys are doin'. Can't seem to find out. If it was only Bat in charge I wouldn't worry a minute, for he ain't got brains to do anything but fight. But Morgan's so condemned pious he might think of any sort of trick. I don't propose to be caught with my suspenders droopin', you hear me? So listen. We shift a crew of men northward. Take care of it, Tolbert. About thirty men. Do it tonight, after dark. See that the outfit floats pretty close to the Testervis line—back of Tracy's five or six miles. And stay there. You may not know it, but this business is about ready for boilin'."

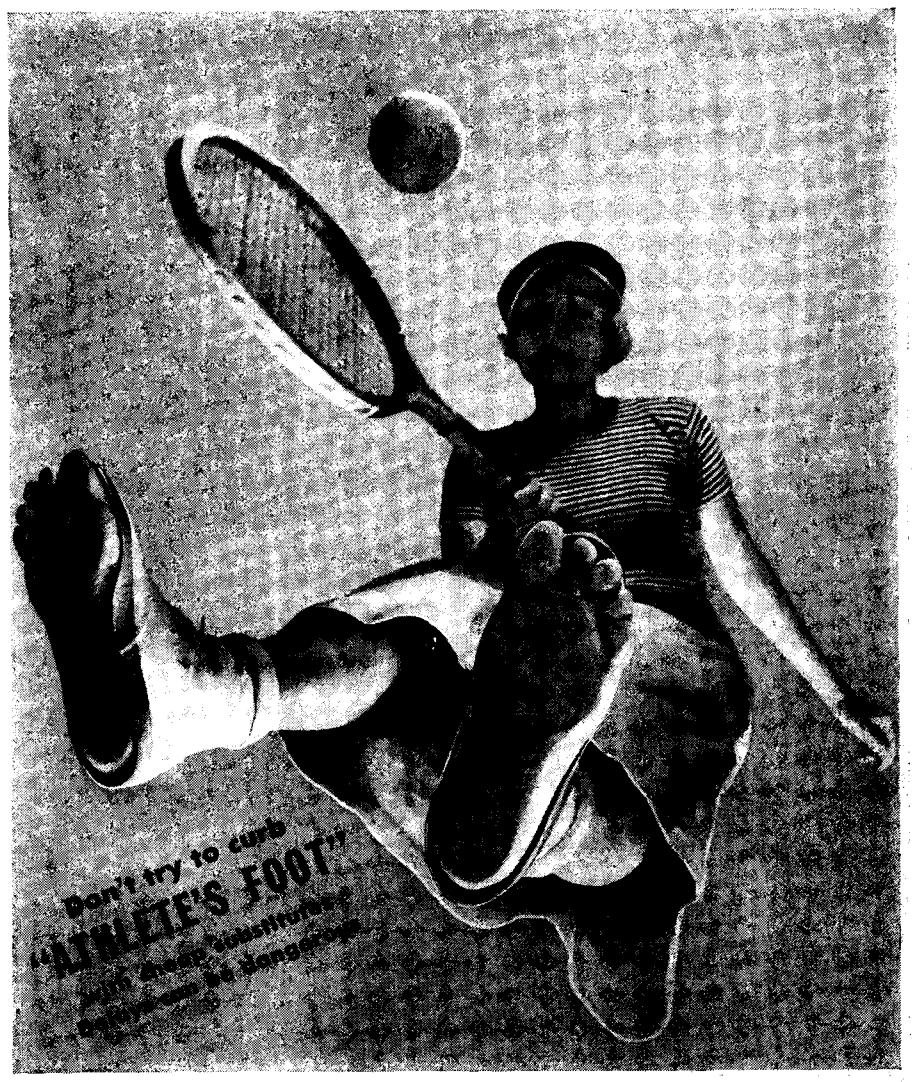
Tolbert said, "All right," without inflection, and swung into the doorway again. But Maunders stood fast, shaking his head. "I don't see—" he began, and was stopped by the foreman who, wheeling sharply back from the porch, motioned rapidly with one arm.

"Speakin' of Tracy, he's comin' down the road."

(To be continued next week)

SHE WAS A WHIRLWIND ON THE TENNIS COURT . . . BUT

ASHAMED TO GET OUT ON THE BEACH



THERE'S **something shocking to romance, something indelicate, almost indecent, about having even a mild attack of "Athlete's Foot."**

That was the thought that haunted her. So radiant, as eagerly tireless on the tennis court or in the ballroom—and yet so exquisitely feminine always—every gathering seemed to center where you found her dainty presence.

But as much as she loved swimming, she shrank from it. Suppose some sharp eye should see those peeling blisters, that unnatural whiteness, that unpleasant moistness between her tiny toes!

What a slander on loveliness!

Although more than ten million people are infected with "Athlete's Foot"—you can hardly help feeling sensitive about it. You owe it to others, as well as yourself, to *stop* it at the first sign of itching.

Absorbine Jr. kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

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"AND I'M NOT TIRED!

Cleaned and waxed the old car—look at it shine! This new wax method is marvelous. Took about half the time I expected."

1 First, you apply the new cleaner, after car is washed and dry. Cleaner dries to a white powder, easily removed with a cloth. What a *wonderful transformation!* And so easy to use!

2 Next, you apply protective coat of the new wax. Takes about one-half former waxing time. Shields the finish against wear and weather—gives a lasting, rich, beautiful polish.

● *Car owners*—do one of two things. Go to your dealer (*hardware, drug, grocery or department store—auto supply or service station*) and get the special introductory combination of these new Johnson's products for $1.10, with bolt of polishing cloth FREE. Or send the coupon below for trial sizes.

● Like other users, you will be enthusiastic when you have tried this amazing new wax method—that actually restores the lost beauty of your car—and maintains that beauty with the least effort and cost, for old or new cars. **Johnson's Auto Cleaner** is entirely different—works so easily and quickly you will be amazed. Does *not* injure surface. The new **Johnson's Auto Wax** protects the finish like nothing else. Takes one-half usual waxing time—costs but 7c per waxing! Method greatly reduces car washings—increases trade-in values $50 to $200. And you'll gladly do the work yourself, it's so easy.

● Remember—*wax* is the ideal method for protecting and maintaining the finish of your car against ultra-violet sun rays, dirt, road film and weather.

Get a trial can of each at the nearest ten cent store. If not in stock, mail this coupon.

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She who gets Slapped

Continued from page 24

One of the milder eccentricities of the Archduke Rudolph, played by John Barrymore in Reunion in Vienna, was walloping the girls. This feature particularly delighted Alfred Lunt when, in the stage version of Sherwood's play, Lynn Fontanne was at the receiving end.

"I never had such a swell chance to pound my wife," Mr. Lunt cheerfully explained.

Presumably Mr. Lunt, too, was skillful. John Barrymore, however, is a dangerous slapper because he does not appreciate his own strength. According to the stage directions, the archduke walks up to his old love, Elena, and slaps her smartly just before kissing her. Miss Wynyard waited without undue apprehension but she staggered and fell to one knee when the blow came.

Royal Revenge

Mr. Barrymore was, of course, overcome with confusion and remorse. To make matters worse the director, Sidney Franklin, said that the scene would not do at all. Mr. Franklin, indeed, demonstrated that he was quite devoid of pity. He instructed them to play the scene again; once more Diana gasped. Once more Mr. Barrymore begged forgiveness.

This went on for most of the afternoon and then Miss Wynyard's face was so sore than an adjournment was taken. The next day it was a little better. Mr. Barrymore softened his blows, although they were still too vigorous. Finally, when the action was satisfactory, Mr. Franklin called a halt. By that time, Miss Wynyard had been slapped exactly nineteen times.

She bore no discernible malice. The shooting of the picture went on. Then came the sequence in which the archduke is prostrate on a couch and Elena bends over him. Director Franklin explained to Miss Wynyard that at this point she leaned over His Royal Highness and slapped his face.

"Oh, I do?" asked Diana. "*I* slap Mr. Barrymore, do I?"

The rehearsal started. The unsuspecting John Barrymore took his position. Miss Wynyard approached the couch and, with a gleam in her eye, drew back a slender arm. It descended.

"—— ——!" said Mr. Barrymore, "we're quits now."

It thus appears that the calmness of Diana Wynyard, which has so astonished directors and managers, is not British stolidity. She is much more vivacious and far more loquacious than she seems on the screen. Too, she is younger-looking. Her hair, which is bobbed, is a light brown and flies rather loosely about her face. Her eyes are a pleasant blue. She has a nice, firm handclasp and she is, if statistics are necessary, five feet six and one-half inches in height. She is an intelligent girl as well as a friendly one.

Miss Wynyard's rise to fame in the theater was similarly rapid. During the 1929-1930 season a British playwright, Benn W. Levy, was standing in the lobby of the Arts Theater Club in London. Mr. Levy was wrapped in thought. He was pondering the selection of the players for his latest offering, The Devil Passes, which was shortly to be produced with an all-star cast. A group of distinguished actors had already been selected; among them were Sybil Thorndike, Norman Mackinnel, Lewis Casson and Dennis Neilson-Terry. Mr. Levy knew that they would adorn his play, but he could find no woman who was precisely the type for the leading feminine part.

While the dramatist thus reflected on how splendid it would be if only plays did not require actors, a young girl crossed the lobby. He did not know who she was or even whether she was an actress. But she was exactly the girl he needed and Levy rushed over to one of the club servants.

"See that girl?" he asked. "Follow her and find out if she's in the theater. If she is, tell her to come to see me right away."

When Diana Wynyard called on Levy on the following day she explained that she had been on the stage for several years and was, at the moment, playing in Walter Hackett's company in London. Naturally she was delighted to have the lead in The Devil Passes. Rehearsals were started at once. Miss Wynyard demonstrated that a cast of stars did not daunt her. The first performance of The Devil Passes was a personal triumph. After it, she was deluged with offers.

Fame on the London stage was the second ambition of her life. The first, somewhat less glamorous, was to become a teacher of domestic science. This was the future toward which looked a girl named Dorothy Cox, who was born in London on January 16, 1907. She did not become Diana Wynyard until many years later, when she had decided to go on the stage. Then her friends selected Diana as the name best suited to her personality. She blandly appropriated Wynyard herself; it was the name of a girlhood friend.

Not much excitement came to Dorothy Cox until she was seven or eight years old. She lived in or near London with her parents and an older sister. The Coxes were moderately prosperous middle-class English, the backbone of the Empire. In 1914, however, these same middle-class Britishers crossed the Channel and formed that despised army of shopkeepers which held back the Germans at the Marne. Dorothy Cox's father went with them and his family made their home with relatives near the Woolwich Arsenal. These were years of turmoil. The Germans made the arsenal an objective of many air raids. Diana and her sister grew accustomed to nights when it was dangerous to show any lights. They were often awakened by the crash of bombs.

"We weren't much frightened, though," Miss Wynyard remembers.

Turning Down the Movies

After the war, the youthful Dorothy Cox went to a private school with her sister and planned to enter a domestic science institution in London. She enjoyed cooking and sewing and thought it would be pleasant to teach these arts. But she never entered the training school. Amateur theatricals were given while she was in the English equivalent of an American high school. Dorothy took part in several productions and when her teachers said that she had unusual talents she began to consider that the stage might be more interesting than cooking. Her family did not object when she announced that she intended to become an actress. They were rather pleased. They said she could go to a dramatic school or, if she preferred, they would engage private tutors. Dorothy chose tutors and received instruction in speech and acting. She selected Diana Wynyard as her stage name and, at seventeen, had her first professional part. It was an obscure

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bit in some forgotten opus called The Grand Duchess.

This was in 1924. Until 1930, when Benn Levy luckily saw her in the lobby of the Arts Theater Club, her career was like that of every young actress. She went into stock, the best of all schools. She toured England with a repertory company and played forty different rôles—old women, young women, good girls and wicked girls. Next she began to specialize in ingénue parts. By now she was competent enough to be certain of steady work but her name meant nothing in London and very little in the provinces. After The Devil Passes and the resulting plaudits, she was a star. During the next eighteen months she played in Lean Harvest with Leslie Banks and in Petticoat Influence, in London. Playwrights were eagerly bringing her scripts to read. Managers competed for her talents.

Motion picture producers, too, in England as well as in the United States, were asking her to act for the screen. Miss Wynyard declined, partly because she preferred the stage and partly because of a conviction that she would not photograph well. Meanwhile plans were being made for a New York production of The Devil Passes.

Tired of Growing Old

The enthusiasm of the London critics was echoed in New York. The Devil Passes did excellent business and went on tour for ten weeks. Diana was one of the sensations of the 1931-1932 season and the movie magnates renewed their offers. J. Robert Rubin, a vice president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, evolved the idea which overcame her remaining objections. If she would spend six months in Hollywood, he said, she could do what she liked the rest of the year. She could appear on the legitimate stage or return to England. The contracts signed, Miss Wynyard left New York for the tour of The Devil Passes.

Another influence, in addition to the promise of an annual furlough, must have been important in luring Miss Wynyard to Hollywood: This was word that her first picture would be Reunion in Vienna. The movie barons have a habit of changing their minds, however. Before reaching Hollywood she was informed that she must first do Rasputin and the Empress. Reunion in Vienna was postponed a second time when the Fox Company borrowed her for Cavalcade.

The part of Jane Marryot was not easy. In the opening sequences of the picture Miss Wynyard had to wear stiff old-fashioned corsets in order to squeeze into the wasp-waisted dresses of the '90s. Throughout the picture, in fact, she was padded or laced or stuffed and was generally uncomfortable. The story of Cavalcade, it will be recalled, runs from the Boer War through the turn of the century on past the World War. The characters grow old, of course, as the picture proceeds and Diana found that growing old artificially had almost as many drawbacks as growing old naturally. For one thing, it is almost impossible for a girl in her twenties to walk like a woman in her seventies. Diana had too much elasticity in her steps, and lead weights were fitted into her shoes to slow her down. Advancing age brings weariness and stooping shoulders. Miss Wynyard's shoulders were straight; she was not weary.

Toward the end of the picture it must have been easier to simulate age, for she was tired enough. Then she was assigned to another decrepit rôle in a film called Men Must Fight. Having grown old successfully in Cavalcade, Miss Wynyard was required to go through the process again. She tottered and quavered through interminable feet of film. Thus, she was very much relieved when a script for Reunion in Vienna was finally completed. Elena was the very antithesis of the rôles in Cavalcade and Men Must Fight.

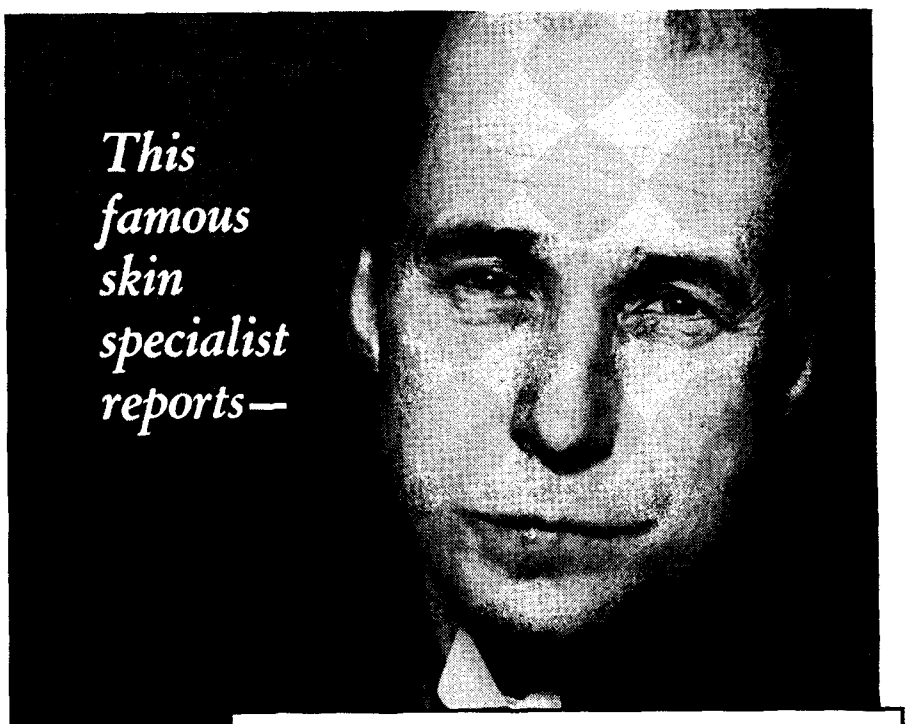
Hollywood, knowing little or nothing about her triumphs on the stage, was convinced that Miss Wynyard could not handle the part. Its experts remembered only her creakings and quaverings. But after the first few scenes had been shot it was universally agreed that light comedy, rather than portrayals of old ladies, constituted her *métier*. The original plan had been to release Reunion in Vienna as an ordinary program picture. But when a final print had been previewed by high officials of M-G-M in New York, arrangements were hastily made for a Broadway opening with all the ballyhoo and excitement of a "World Première."

Miss Wynyard is now preparing to appear in London in a new play about the Brontë sisters and insists that she will pay no attention whatever to pictures until next September, when she must return to Hollywood.

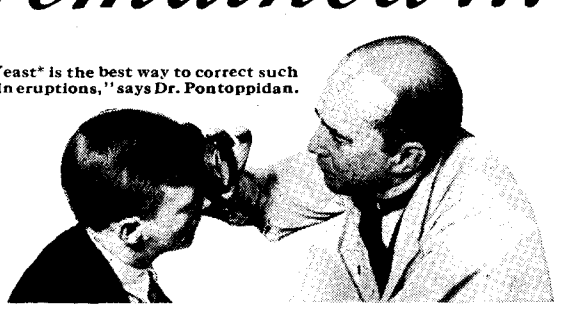
This laudable ambition has not been fully tested as yet, however. The beautiful Diana may be a very determined woman and may, under a gentle exterior, be as hard as high-speed steel. But she has still to feel the full weight of the commercial side of the motion picture industry. If, as now appears highly probable, Miss Wynyard draws huge crowds into the theaters, she will be offered astronomical sums to work for twelve months each year.

Hollywood is convinced, not without reason, that only stars who fail reject its overtures.

"Tattle-tale!" *Henry Anton*



"In 3 weeks *not a pimple remained...*"



SKIN SUFFERERS, if you don't know what to do for your trouble you'll be interested in the following case, because it's so very typical.

The doctor who describes it is the well-known Dr. Borje Pontoppidan of Copenhagen, Denmark, distinguished member of the Danish and Scandinavian Dermatological Associations and Physician-in-Charge of the Copenhagen Municipal Hospital. *He writes:*—

"The patient—a young man—came to me in a very depressed condition. His face was covered with pimples, which he had been treating with various external remedies.

"I attacked his trouble at its source—with yeast.* As it restored normal and regular evacuations of his intestines, his skin cleared completely. *In three weeks not a pimple remained."*

Fresh yeast, you know, actually *strengthens* "tired" intestines, at the same time softening the poison-forming wastes that cause so many cases of bad skin.

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And keep this up—until your whole system is *purified*. Fresh yeast should also greatly improve your digestion and whole physical "tone."

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Add it to your diet—now!

"IF THERE'S anything I hate it s pimples," *writes* James Givens, *Tulsa, Okla.* "Not long ago I had them, and tried to get rid of them, but nothing did any good.

"The doctor said the trouble was with my blood . . . suggested eating Fleischmann's Yeast . . . I started. My skin cleared up . . . My health now is perfect. I never felt better."

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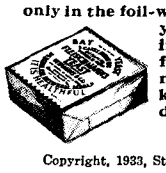

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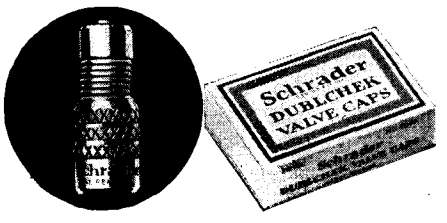

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Tire-saving Valves, Caps and Gauges

Says Hitler

Continued from page 17

Germany is overpopulated. You Americans too have an immigration problem. You have made restrictions against immigrants of the sort you don't want in America. Why are not Americans fair enough to admit that we Germans have the same right?

"The United States has fourteen or fifteen inhabitants per square kilometer against Germany's one hundred and thirty-seven. Much of Germany is worthless soil, sandy land—look at such regions as our arid Lüneburger Heide, which you Americans wouldn't think of trying to cultivate. Overpopulated as we are we must have the right to say what elements we don't want to admit into our country."

I asked the Chancellor to specify exactly against what elements he was talking.

"The Reign of Terror"

"We don't want Jews from eastern Europe," he said. "It is for us Germans to decide this matter. You Americans make similar restrictions. Why don't Americans then show an understanding for questions of this kind?"

This brought us to the question whereon Hitler feels very strongly—the picture of "the Reign of Terror" painted in foreign newspapers during the first phase of his régime.

"There was no terror in Germany," he said. "How can any American believe, for instance, the tales told before the Reichstag election early this year of the terrorizing of voters by the National Socialists in view of the fact that ninety per cent of the Germans entitled to vote actually did go to the polls? Under a reign of terror people don't go to the polls. They stay home.

"Whatever violence there was is now past. Perfect calm reigns in Germany. Not a street has been destroyed, not a house. Where is this terror they talk about? What a difference when the English and the Irish fought each other in the days of the Irish rebellion! Dublin was a different-looking place from Berlin when we settled accounts with the German Communists." He leaned back and looked me straight in the eye. "Wasn't it?" he asked.

Then he turned once more to his favorite method of emphasizing points by comparing American and German conditions.

"You have—let me see—how many unemployed? Eight millions? Ten millions? At any rate, you know how serious the unemployment situation is. Well, suppose that all these millions of American unemployed were Communists taking their orders from Russia. That's the situation here in Germany. We have millions of unemployed and the great majority of them are Communists. Germany has six million Communists—ten per cent of our total population.

"I couldn't understand America's attitude at the time of the Reichstag fire a few months ago. The accusation was made that the Reichstag was set on fire by members of my party. Do Americans really believe I needed to do such a thing in my fight against Communists, even if I had wanted to do it? That's absurd. The trial of those suspected of burning the Reichstag will prove the existence of an enormous Communist conspiracy. I tell you we have Communists here in Germany who would not be allowed to go free for a moment in America! You in America wouldn't tolerate for one hour what we in Germany have been forced to endure from these Communists. Americans should view international problems from the viewpoint of other nations. They must try to get inside other people's minds. I know this isn't easy. But only thus can understanding come."

Again the Chancellor leaned forward, his voice tense with earnestness. Again he tapped my knee as he said: "Here is what I wish would happen: That American people might understand these special German problems. In my speech before the Reichstag I avoided statistics. Nevertheless, I did point out that in Germany, since the signing of the Versailles Treaty fourteen years ago, there have been 224,000 suicides—forty per day. It is incredible. Germany is in a tragic situation. In the war of 1870 against France, Germany lost only 60,000 killed."

He paused. In silence he gazed straight ahead. He seemed to be trying actually to see the Americans to whom he was addressing his words. Into his face came some of that mystical quality which has helped him to drive audiences to hysteria.

"If only all Americans," he said, coming out of his reverie and fixing his eyes on mine, "could come over here to Germany. They would look about and ask themselves where is this revolution, where is this terror, where is all this destruction and chaos I've heard about?"

Then abruptly he stood up. The interview was over. We shook hands. A moment later he was back amid the other Nazi chieftains debating the latest thorny problem confronting Germany. And I was out in the corridor among those tough-faced, hard-boiled Nazi guards with their swastikas and military boots and their ready revolvers strapped to their sides.

When I interviewed the Nazi chief, Germany was quieting down. The first phase of Hitlerism's triumph was ending, the second just beginning. The first phase consisted of kicking things to pieces. The second phase consists of sticking them together again. The first phase was characterized by anti-Jewish attacks, crushing political opposition and an intensive campaign against freedom of the press, states' rights, independence of trade unions, and so on. Abroad, it had almost obliterated whatever world opinion there was favorable to Germany, also sentiment for the revision of the Versailles Treaty. The second phase is being characterized—and this even before Hitler's Reichstag speech—by unmistakable signs that the Hitlerists are worried about foreign hostility and are desirous of getting back into the good graces of the world.

Underground Streams

Nevertheless, life in Berlin still resembled sitting on the edge of a volcano, wondering when rumblings and smoke would be replaced by lava and fire. That there is relief is beyond doubt—but it is no more genuinely satisfactory than a reprieve granted to a prisoner condemned to the gallows.

The relentless march of the Nazi steamroller continues. Scarcely a sound comes from the Hitler régime's opponents. Socialists, formerly dominant in German politics, are as silent as the grave. Centrists, so influential before, apparently have been swept into the ash-heap. And the Communists, who polled a million votes recently, seem blotted out of existence.

Yet despite this Nazi predominance one cannot help thinking that the opposition must be somewhere underground, biding its time. As one observer put it, "It is simply impossible that all Centrists, all Socialists and all Communists should suddenly have lain down and died."

At the time of my talk with Hitler there was no indication of a cessation of anti-Jewish persecution. Daily lists were being published of professors dismissed from universities, many of whom are Jews with nothing else against them. A big chain-store firm and other concerns were being obliged to close temporarily because their Nazi employees had struck against Jewish control. At the headquarters of a big publishing house, a procession of striking employees surged through the corridors shouting: "We want all Jewish bosses fired." Here as elsewhere there was nothing to do but to obey. Many Jews, being dismissed after years of faithful service, were now besieging the offices of Americans in business in Berlin seeking work. The fruits of a lifetime of toil had been snatched from them—in many cases they faced destitution—and often men who formerly had held the most important and best-paid positions were telling Americans that they were willing to do anything for wages no better than an office boy's.

There was an enormous amount of curiosity in Berlin as to whether Germany's new ruler would continue a ruthlessness at home and initiate an aggressive policy abroad, or act more in conformity with the statesmanlike note of his Reichstag speech.

Jekyll, Hyde or Frankenstein?

Was it to be a case of Hitler Jekyll or Hitler Hyde? Would the second phase of Hitlerism be an era of constructive statesmanship or destructive violence? There was a distinct impression that if Hitler really favored Jekyll tactics he must soon have a show-down with such rabid chieftains as Goering and Goebbels, who apparently are wedded, heart and soul, to Hyde methods.

But some observers believe that the situation inside the Hitlerist ranks is another case of Frankenstein and his monster. They feel that because Hitler for years has been promising his adherents that Jews would be uprooted and all opposition crushed, and that foreigners would be shown the temper of a new Germany, he was obliged to make good his violent promises. But sometimes it certainly seemed that Adolf Frankenstein Hitler's machine was running amuck. Many of us foreigners, sitting on the rim of the German volcano, occasionally wondered whether Hitler really was boss of his own show any more.

Ancient Roman emperors used to boast that all the populace needed to be kept in leash was *panem et circenses*—bread and circuses. So far Hitlerism has given Germans many marvelous circus stunts—colossal patriotic demonstrations, unending parades, martial music, thrilling songs, constantly driving the multitudes to delirious patriotism by speakers, including Hitler, frankly using revival-meeting methods. If a change is indeed coming over Hitlerist acts at home and abroad, then it will mark the end of the circus phase of the movement. It remains to be seen whether this second phase will provide bread—both literally by finding jobs for the unemployed and restoring prosperity, and figuratively by lessening the hostility among the nations around Germany, which a few weeks ago almost became a threat of war.

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Now, Pop—

Continued from page 11

was a few tones lower and Mr. Fozzle laid down the tin cup with a contented sigh.

"Parks?" For the third time Eddie asked that question. "Was that turkey here too? Do you know that bird said I couldn't punch my way out of a celluloid jail with both my gloves on fire? And he was here too, huh? So he gave Rodge the tickets? I get it. He said if Doogan was made of soap I couldn't punch him to a lather. So you're training with birds who put me in the grease?"

"He knows we're going together now. Mr. Gramm told him about it. He said he wanted to interview the future wife of the world's next heavyweight champion. I thought if I was nice to him he might stop picking on you. You know I only love you, Eddie."

That sounded like a good explanation. Although Eddie never had flashed a knock-out punch, he was vain about it and sincerely believed he had one. He told his pals that he slapped to save his hands. That mention of future heavyweight champ was strictly in his own mental alley. That's what he thought himself.

So they clinched.

And, upstairs, the world's champ cement mixer was posing like John L. Sullivan in front of a small mirror nailed over the kitchen sink.

Downstairs, Eddie and Winnie were cuddling.

Upstairs, Mr. Fozzle was swinging a terrific right at fifteen cents' worth of looking-glass.

On the ground floor, Eddie was asking, "You love me, don't you, kid?"

Up on the mezzanine, Mr. Fozzle was dilating his terrific biceps and proclaiming to the empty sardine can, "I can lick that guy—"

Below, Winnie was nodding in the affirmative.

And, above, Mr. Fozzle was adding reflectively, "If I could hit him."

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was fairly well filled on Friday night. Not because Eddie was a great drawing card. But the Garden had reduced its prices, Wall Street had climbed a few valuable points, the banks had opened and the public felt like stepping out somewhere again. And when you want to be seen by your business and political neighbors the Garden is the old town pump. Even Parks' blast on the morning of the fight failed to diminish the audience. If Winnie's diplomatic jockeying had any effect on the caustic wit of Mr. Parks it was only to make it more corrosive:

"The beezark who arranges the fight cards at the Garden must think that two left shoes are a pair. Of all the sad contests ever promoted we hand the duke to the one for tonight. Shannock and Doogan remind me of the famous dancing twins, Badsika and Worsika. Doogan couldn't hit a bull in the pants with a bass fiddle. Shannock's best punch is a clinch. The fight game is in a tough fix if they have to trot out two hamdonnies like these. We know that Doogan can take it. But he can't carry it. He has an overland swing that reminds me of Philip Nolan, the Man Without a Country, who spent his life on government war vessels. It keeps traveling. But it can't land anywhere.

"Shannock has been fooling the public longer than the man who invented paper collars. He's a clever boxer but he can't hit hard enough to break a sick spider's web. If Bats connects with that right hand he will knock the champion Gabriel over Tin Cups. But the Battler hasn't got any more direction than a Chinese mandarin with eleven-inch finger nails trying to dial a telephone. The only man in danger when Doogan swings is the referee, who should wear a catcher's mask and call his decisions from in back of a ring post.

"We don't see any more reason for this contest than for Little Eva to fight Uncle Tom. If you're thinking about going to the fight tonight we advise you to stay home and listen to Gramm describe it on the air. He never got anything right in his life and he might make it sound interesting. We like that bird because he is so easy to tune out. Don't bet on fights."

THAT blast from the fireless cooker didn't stop anybody from going to the fight, not even Doogan. The public probably figured the only way to avoid the broadcast of the fight was to be at the scene of conflict. Shannock should have been there twice. Once to fight Doogan and again to fight Parks. The Garden promoter should have certainly challenged the winner.

You might think that all that vitriolic wit would make surface enemies. But it apparently did not. The Garden promoter smiled pleasantly at Parks when he strutted down the aisle. Gramm and Parks chatted pleasantly during the preliminaries. They both paled slightly when a bulky figure flatwheeled in and took the same ringside seat occupied by Winnie during the last Shannock fight. It was Winnie's pop, who also nodded to the radio denouncer and the sports writer. They nodded affably. They were expecting Winnie instead of Winnie's papa. Everybody may have been thinking deeply. But Mr. Fozzle's deepest would never drown him.

Winnie and her mother sat in their donated seats just a ringside aisle away from the ring. They were in the first row in back of the working press seats. We don't know who got in on Rodge's tickets but Rodge was one of them. Thanks to Parks he was in a balcony seat and enjoying it.

The preliminaries were the usual haphazard encounters of mail-order fighters. The decision in the semifinal was so bad that the crowd brayed its resentment over such an outrage. They were still hooting when Eddie climbed into the ring. That's when Gramm went to work. He only broadcast the main event.

"This is Mack Gramm," he announced soothingly, as if all his listeners were in pain, "broadcasting the main event from Madison Square Garden, through the courtesy of Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters, guaranteed to cover any shoulder blade in the world and not to shrink. These wonderful alleviators of aches and colds cost but twenty-five cents and are for sale at all druggists' at the cigar counter. The champion, Eddie Shannock, has just climbed into the ring and the crowd is hooting him. He is very unpopular with the fight fans and they are razzing him on general principles—"

That wasn't true. The mob was hooting the decision of the preceding fight. Mr. Fozzle leaned over toward Gramm and said, "Put one of them mustard plasters on your mouth." He put out his hand as he spoke. That was about the size of a no-rim cut, oversize, balloon mustard plaster. Gramm paid no attention to him. He might retreat in

(Continued on page 40*)*

Which of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO WOMEN live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these women is seldom invited to go out.

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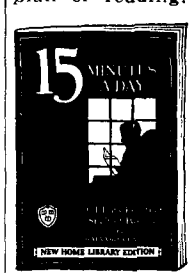

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"Are we ever going to get STARTED?"

He bought the wrong POLISH

because . . . he didn't know about LACQUER OXIDATION

The trouble has been that most automobile polish makers have depended upon harmful abrasives and elbow grease, not realizing that *motor car dullness*—that deadened appearance—is the direct result of Lacquer Oxidation, a chemical action caused by sun rays and atmosphere. The exclusive Tumbler formula is based on this discovery. Tumbler Polish feeds the starved lacquer. It puts back essentials lost through oxidation. It saves your paint and your time. Tumbler Polish contains no harmful abrasives. Feel the difference between your fingers. Tumbler Polish goes far and lasts long. Get it at any dealer's. The Tumbler kit will keep your car clean and lustrous for months. J. A. Tumbler Laboratories, Baltimore, Md.

TUMBLER

Badly dulled (OXIDIZED) lacquer should be cleaned BEFORE polishing regardless of polish used. Tumbler Haze Remover is the modern scientific product for cleaning the car preparatory to polishing. It removes Lacquer Oxidation—quickly, easily, and without injury to the finish.

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Tumbler Haze Remover and Tumbler Polish may be purchased separately or as the Combination Auto Beauty Kit.

(Continued from page 39)

a living-room. But on the job he died at his post. He continued to abuse Shannock and praise mustard plasters in the order named. But Mr. Fozzle would have none of it. He was for fair play, especially when he was winning. He tried to work around to a fighting pose but he was stymied and hemmed in by busy figures pounding at telegraph keys and typewriters. In the meantime, Doogan had climbed into the ring, discarded his bathrobe and showed a pair of shoulders as wide and as muscle-bound as a municipal ferry Staten Island bound. His head looked like a spent bullet. His neck was so short that his ears resembled handles on a jug. But he tapered beautifully at the waist and his chest, arms and calves had thirty-six pounds pressure all around.

In comparison, Eddie was quite frail. He was giving away a lot of freight to Doogan. But that was nothing unusual. However, it looked one-sided to Mr. Fozzle, who suddenly realized he wasn't so anxious to see Eddie whipped. If they had been the same size, that would have been different. The Fozzles were always for fair play until they got mad and threw away their road maps. Then they didn't know friend from foe and hoped everybody was both.

The Garden announcer bawled warnings of coming sporting events far and wide. He announced the weights of the evening's chief contenders. The referee called the main-eventers to the center and wagged his head between their chests. The gong rang and Parks went to work. He dictated to his telegrapher:

"Shannock and Doogan started the first round for no reason at all and kept it up. Doogan swung a right at Shannock and missed him four feet to the yard. Shannock danced away and looked coyly over his gloves like a Spanish dancer flirting in back of an ostrich-feather fan. They clinched and the referee broke them up. It was anybody's round except mine. You can have it."

Mr. Fozzle was so intent on watching the start of the fight that he was all eyes and no ears. Gradually, though, the sound of Parks' voice reached him and he listened. He realized that Parks was lying like a butcher selling mutton for veal. He leaned Parksward and rumbled, "You're a liar. It's a good fight. Shannock is trouncing him like a cook mixing an omelet. Tell the truth or I'll put my foot in your mouth, grab your ears and pull you on like a boot."

PARKS continued to dictate, paying absolutely no attention to Mr. Fozzle. From far up in the balcony a querulous treble voice inquired, "When does the fight start?" Mr. Fozzle recognized his son's voice and also that of Gramm's:

"In the first round the fighters clung to each other closer than Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters will stick to you. This broadcast is coming to you through the courtesy of Arkin and Company, a firm that is known wherever the American flag or mustard plasters have flown. Shannock is putting up his usual hit-and-run performance and looks like a politician waving goodby to a water tank from the observation platform of a train. No grass ever grew under the champ's feet. Even a mushroom wouldn't have a chance—"

The round ended with a dull bopp from the gong. Both fighters went to the corners breathing as lightly as bridesmaids on orange blossoms. The flowers, not the drinks. Gramm kept talking. More through habit than education. Parks stopped dictating, then looked around and spotted Winnie with her ma. He smiled. She smiled. From his corner Eddie caught the apparent flirtation and he boiled over like the potatoes with the cook listening to Amos 'n' Andy. He worked the padding from his knuckles back toward his wrist. He had read that morning's Moon and, Kate Smith or no Kate Smith, he was going to knock it over the mountain.

The old bellringer in the tower rang the Queensberry carillon for the second round and Eddie shuffled out, working both arms like a candy puller. He looked down and saw Mr. Fozzle almost out of his ringside seat. Mr. Fozzle had his right arm swinging from the elbow at half-mast and was pointing with his left index finger to his massive right fist. He was making some kind of speech and looked like a man dedicating a very big cornerstone. Eddie caught some of his words:

"Stop that fiddling and let him have it—on the chin—the chin—the chin—bring it up—the chin—"

Mr. Fozzle illustrated by clipping himself on his own chin so hard he knocked himself over backward into the aisle. His head cracked the concrete floor and he saw more stars than Betsy Ross. Not only more stars but the hemstitching was prettier. He fell right at his wife's feet.

"Now, Pop," said Mrs. Fozzle, "you mustn't act that way."

POP wasn't acting. He was out like coast guardsmen in bad weather.

"Now, Pop," continued Mrs. Fozzle, who hadn't heard her husband's skull smack the floor. But Winnie already had her papa's head in her lap and was fanning him with a boxing program. Which was certainly a fine bit of unintentionally wrought irony.

Mr. Fozzle was out three minutes by the old village clock as he rode into Lexington. During two of those three minutes Parks dictated:

"The gong for the second round brought both men to the middle of the ring. The referee waved them together majestically, like a traffic cop ordering a collision at a busy corner. But there was no crash. The boys weren't going to dent their fenders with any reckless driving. They circled each other and pecked away like hens at cracked corn. They went into a clinch and broke it only to get better holds. They clinched again. Shannock acts like Doogan is a friend he wants to tell his troubles to. From where I sit it looks like the champ is sobbing on Doogan's chest—"

FROM way up in the balcony the treble voice devoted the same two minutes to a few snappy postscripts on its opinion of the contest:

"Here we are together again."

"Referee, split them up and let me see how many guys are fighting."

"Put them together, Referee, before they fall down."

"Hey, Referee, you should get the winner's end. You're doing all the work."

"Ten cents a round for them taxi dancers."

And then the treble voice switched into an even more treble whistle. Not that the voice didn't raise enough hearty laughter to satisfy any Garden kibitzer. But because the whistling of a certain waltz will drive any fighter nuttier than a pecan grove. That tune is The Merry Widow.

And during the one-hundred-and-twenty-second interval Gramm was miking:

"Through the courtesy of Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters we are giving you the second round of the Shannock-Doogan meeting, which for some reason is being held in a prize ring. The boys are doing some fancy figure-skating, both singly and in the double. There hasn't been a blow struck hard enough to knock a cat off the steps of a lunch wagon. When the boys aren't

". . . but I never play for keeps!" *Henri Weiner*

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clinching they are hugging. They are the best wrestlers I ever saw fight.

"I don't know how Shannock ever won the championship of anything, unless he got it in a package of popcorn. I can assure you that, even though the fight is bad, Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters are the best on sale, because a twenty-mule team couldn't pull one off the market. Try one tonight. And in future years when you are old and gray, when the world has turned you outdoors to graze, when the children of your bosom have gone their various ways and your best friends have deserted you, Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters will stick to you like—"

AND then the Merry Widow waltz broke off suddenly two octaves above shrill. Parks stopped dictating and sat forward as suddenly as Grandma in a rumble seat when her second cousin puts on the brakes. Arkin's Plasters went off the air temporarily. The listless crowd leaped to its assorted feet of all sizes and shapes. Shannock had swung a right hand per pantomime instructions from the father of the girl he loved on sofas, in vestibules and on the tops of Fifth Avenue busses. It caught Doogan right where the chin joins nothing. Doogan's eyes crossed their wires, his head snapped back and he went over backward like a trained seal. You could almost see the rubber ball on his nose. His shoulder blades struck the deck awning first. Then the rest of his body followed and he arranged himself for a comfortable snooze. The only thing lacking was the top of his pajamas.

The astounded referee was too amazed to start counting. Which made no difference, for Doogan would have been out on a lumberyard calendar. The even more astonished Shannock went to the right corner, because all four were neutral now.

The war was over. The fans published the roar of the pack scenting a kill. Pandemonium reigned supreme. And when it reigns it pours. Madison Square Garden never heard such a yowelicking and such a scareetching and such a thunderation.

Middle-aged gentlemen, who had been turned down for life insurance that very week, leaped on their chairs and howled their blood pressure up to a million. Strangers slapped one another on the back and exchanged bad cigars. Weak men fainted and strong women turned pale. The treble voice in the gallery rose only a grace note above the deep rumble of civilization scratching off its veneer.

As Doogan's seconds packed him to his destination, the referee raised Shannock's refrigerating right hand aloft. In the aisle Mr. Fozzle raised his own head slowly and jerkily. He collected his thoughts, which was never a wholesale transaction, and got to his feet. He shook his head like a dog in swimming.

"Kill that," said Parks to his telegrapher. "New lead. Shannock-Doogan fight. Madison Square Garden. Shannock Turns Killer. Lead. After carrying the mail for ten years, Eddie Shannock, light-heavyweight champion of the world, took a sudden toe hold in the second round of a thrilling fight and knocked Doogan for the full derby distance with a right-hand smash that didn't travel over six inches. It was the most terrific clout we ever saw land. Nobody ever knocked out Doogan before and he has met the best. Doogan was out longer than an anteater's tongue. I predict that Shannock will become the most popular—"

"Somebody slugged me for coaching from the sidelines," mumbled Mr. Fozzle, feeling his chin. "And I'll knock him for more yards than there are in a mile. I'll—"

"Now, Pop." Mrs. Fozzle had her husband by the arm.

"Folks of the radio audience"—Gramm broadcasting—"this is the voice of Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters announcing the result of the terrific Shannock-Doogan imbroglio in Madison Square Garden. It was a pip. Shannock knocked Doogan colder than a mackerel's nose in the second round of the fiercest fight I have ever seen since a local druggist tried to sell a pain-ridden customer a substitute for Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters. Listen to the crowd roaring. They have been cheering for fully five minutes and are tearing up their seats, throwing away their hats and climbing into the ring to shake Shannock's hand. He is the most popular—"

Smack! Mr. Fozzle had jig-sawed his woozy way to the row of press seats just as Shannock was climbing out of the ring and the kayoed Doogan had opened his eyes to the wide, wide world. Mr. Fozzle was still a little rocky on his pins. Deciding that he had been struck by Gramm he swung and knocked Parks loose from his dictation. Then he swung again at the spot where he last saw Parks and clipped Gramm in back of the ear. Once again Arkin's Plasters went off the air suddenly. A young sporting writer earned fame for quick thinking by grabbing the mike and continuing the description of the fight to fifty-two eager stations in the United States and Canada. He was accurate and vivid. But most nerve-tingling of all was his account of the fighting in the aisles.

While Mr. Fozzle was looking for more enemies to pulverize, Eddie struggled through the crowd to his side, grabbed him and was thrown off like a spark from a freight engine. Two policemen and sixteen spectators also succumbed to the mysterious influence of the Fozzle centrifugal force. Arms and legs were flying all over the zodiac while Mr. Fozzle's right maulie was rising and falling, as inexorable as the tides.

JUST when the outlook seemed darkest before dawn for law and order, Eddie had a bright idea. Leaping on Mr. Fozzle's back, he threw both arms around his neck, put his face close to his ear and yelled: "Now, Pop!"

For a man who had his anger pressed right down to the floorboards, Mr. Fozzle surely cooled off suddenly. Those two magic words were the Open Sesame to his hoardings of pacifism. He calmed down like a pond with all the ducks on shore.

Winnie was only a foot away but the mob wouldn't let her get any closer. Holding Mr. Fozzle by one hand Eddie worked his way to her and spoke to her ma, "Pop and I are going to the dressing-room. We'll meet you and Winnie over at the house in about an hour. We'll have a little bite to eat."

"Now, Pop," cautioned Mrs. Fozzle.

"Don't forget the sardines," overcautioned Mr. Fozzle. "He's my boy. If they lick him they gotta lick me, too."

Eddie got in a one-armed hug that wasn't quite of proper vestibule proportions and also sneaked over a little kiss before starting to shoo Mr. Fozzle to the dressing-room.

On the way they had to battle their way through hundreds of new-born admirers. And, just as Mr. Fozzle was slamming the dressing-room door on the milling mob, Mr. Gramm raised himself to the level of the mike and signed off:

"Arkin's Red-Hot Irritating Mustard Plasters wish you a cool sleep and pleasant dreams."

Which Mr. Doogan already had.

W. G. Mennen and his chemists last year tested 3,278 experimental batches. Theirs is a never-ceasing study of all types of shaving preparations, beards, blades, skins . . . all details of the perfect shave.

LATHER OR BRUSHLESS

WHICH IS BEST FOR YOU?

My answer is based on twenty-five years of shaving study— W. G. Mennen

I MAKE both kinds. I have no axe to grind one way or the other. And I'm not trying to be a diplomat when I tell you that in shaving preparations there *can* be more than *one* best.

I have been studying shaving for 25 years and I am convinced that *one* type of shave *cannot* suit *all* faces. Lather may be best for you—Brushless best for your neighbor. It depends on your shaving habits, your beard and—most important—*your type of skin.*

That's why I make both. Both wilt wiry whiskers. Both conquer the stubbornest stubble—so that the blade sails through—cuts clean—without a yank or a pull or a scratch.

But only your skin can decide which is best for YOU—Lather or Brushless.

If you have an *oily* skin—I recommend Mennen Lather Shave. You need that lather—to flush out your over-active skin. Mennen Lather penetrates into the pores. Loosens deeply-imbedded oil and grease deposits. Cleanses the skin. Leaves your face fresher, *healthier!*

If you have a dry skin—I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream—*not a grease*—containing special ingredients good for thin, tender, easily-irritated skins.

If you have a *normal* skin then it's just a question of convenience—do you *like* to use a brush or don't you?

Either Mennen Lather Shave or Mennen Brushless Shave gives you that wonderful comfort that comes only when you thoroughly *wilt your whiskers!* . . .

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Two kinds: Plain or Menthol-iced
Wilts whiskers. Eliminates all razor pull and yank. Gives skin a stimulating, cleansing treatment.

brushless SHAVE

It's a cream — not a grease!
Wilts whiskers. Washes off the face and hands *easily.* Doesn't clog razor or mess basin. Economical.

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Contains Mennen Lather Shave or Brushless Shave (Check your choice), also Mennen Skin Bracer, Mennen Talcum for Men. (Please print your name and address below).

I want Mennen Lather ☐ Mennen Brushless ☐

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"THERE seems to be a great blank space in the minds of many men (I almost said *most* men) about their need of an underarm perspiration deodorant," runs a snappy feminine letter to us.

"Can you tell us women why this is? Men perspire just as we do—usually more. Why can't they realize what this means?

"If you ask us, we think Mum ought to be among a man's toilet articles just the same as shaving soap. Why don't you tell them?"

• • • • •

We, the makers of this pleasant cream deodorant, will be more than glad to tell you men about Mum.

You know there's no need to make hard work of this perspiration odor business. A quick dab of Mum under each arm when you dress—that's all there is to it!

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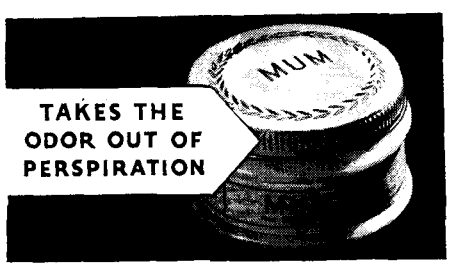

FOR BURNING, PERSPIRING FEET. Feet perspire, ache, burn? Rub with Mum. It soothes, cools and destroys every trace of unpleasant odor. Protects hose and keeps shoe linings fresher.

At the Brink

Continued from page 19

"*Ja*, Herr, we have passed them still climbing up as we came down. By now they must have turned back."

Without a pause Patterson turned to the ascent. Behind him Hans' voice boomed out protestingly:

"But, Herr, you do not climb on alone? You see how a great storm makes."

"Don't worry," Patterson threw back as he hurried on.

An hour from the shoulder he was still a thousand feet below the summit. As he pulled himself with a struggle to a ledge above a hard bit of chimney climb he thought he heard a hail. He looked above but saw no one. Then it was repeated and this time he saw them, two figures tiny on the vast bulk of the mountain, perched on a ledge three hundred feet above. He gave an answering hail and worked his way toward them. When he reached them they were seated together on a three-foot shelf of sloping snow, their rope belayed around a splinter of rock for greater security.

Patterson drew himself up beside them. After a quick, searching glance at Paula he stared out at the Oberland ranges. For a long moment there was a waiting silence. Paula broke it with an impulsive rush of words:

"Billy, you do turn up in the nick of time." Her voice was strained.

Patterson looked at her with sudden concern. The delicate lines of her face were drawn in pain and her body was slumped wearily.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"It's the old knee gone back on me," she answered with a wry smile.

"We have not it back into joint yet," explained Claudel as he leaned over and touched the knee with an officious hand.

Patterson felt his face go hot.

"Let me see it," he said, and brusquely interposed.

"No, don't, Billy," she cried, wincing. "It's no use. I've got to get down somehow on one foot."

"And the time is short," said Claudel, glancing up at the slate-gray mist that drew down relentlessly.

With painstaking care they started down the slabs tilted almost to the perpendicular. Patterson came down last, protecting the others over the dangerous pitches with a tautly held rope. Although time was of vital importance the slope was too severe for all to be in motion at once.

Hardly a word was exchanged. Patterson tried to concentrate all of his faculties on the task of descending safely and rapidly. But while he was anchored and the other two were descending, their progress was as slow as the dragging motion of a nightmare.

BY NOW all the visible world was shut away by the lowering mass of storm cloud. The first few snowflakes drifted down by them in an uncanny silence. They could feel no wind, but far off toward the east they could hear a sound like the deep note of an organ, a gale blowing on the peak of Monte Rosa.

Then the wind came.

Its first onset was not like that of an ordinary wind that blows from one side or the other. This descended upon them from directly overhead, coming with sudden and overpowering violence. Then it seemed to come from all directions at once. Stones as large as soup plates sprang from the ridge and were blown off humming into space.

They cowered down on a shelf and tried to press their bodies into shallow indentations of the rock. Patterson anchored the rope around such projections as he could reach and was grateful that they had not been caught on an exposed part of the ridge. Blinding snow was driven against them. Sometimes the wind softened to the intensity of an ordinary gale, but always came back with renewed violence.

In one of these lulls Patterson leaned toward the others and drew their heads together. He began to shout something to them, but although his lips were not six inches from their ears, what he was saying came to them only in snatches:

"Must get away—daylight—only hour left—can't live till morning—hut only five hundred feet down—need three to get Paula down—leave her here—Claudel and I go down—come back with Sturmers and extra rope—then lower her down."

WITHOUT waiting for Claudel and Paula to assent, Patterson began to untie her from the rope. Then with an extra length he anchored her securely to the rock and arranged her position so as to make the most of the scant shelter that the shelf afforded. When he touched her he wanted to crush her in his arms, but with an effort he held himself in check. She cowered down from the brutal snatches of the wind and, after one beseeching look at Patterson, buried her head under her cloak. Claudel stared away into the swirling mist with a half-smile on his lips.

The two men started down, Patterson still in the rear, the post of greater danger. They climbed with infinite precaution, moving slowly when the gale eased its violence and clinging on with a tense grip when the gusts threatened to tear them from their holds.

Under these conditions there was not a moment when they could both move at the same time. For long minutes Patterson balanced adroitly on his holds while he paid out the rope to Claudel, whose descent was unbearably slow. Often the latter was hidden by the writhing mist, then Patterson could see only the cord creeping away down the rocks like a slender, venomous snake. While Claudel was in sight Patterson watched him with fixed intensity, and his hand twitched convulsively at the rope on which the other's life depended.

Suddenly Patterson was startled by a sound from above. It was a sound which only a practiced ear could have separated from the roar and tumult of the storm—a noise as of a muffled explosion. For half a second his mind went blank, then he shouted a hoarse warning and pressed himself with all his force against the icy wall. The sound swelled into a thunder that drowned the howling of the wind. There was no shelter within reach, nor, if there had been, could he have left his hold to seek it. He covered his head with one arm and waited. One or two small stones whirred past his head and at once the full force of the slide appeared. The world was blotted out by a roaring deluge of rock. There was a stab of pain in one shoulder as he was struck a glancing blow. He closed his eyes tight—then opened them to realize that the destruction had passed him by.

He looked down to Claudel. The latter had luckily found himself in a sort of niche beneath an overhang which was an effective protection. Patterson scrambled down to join him there and, when it was evident that no more stones would fall for the moment, they took stock of the situation. It was quickly apparent what had happened. Half blinded by the storm, Claudel had led them too far to the right; they had left the comparatively safe crest of the ridge and were now dangerously far down on the east face.

THEIR peril was emphasized by another fall of stones, somewhat less severe than the last. Patterson surveyed their position so far as his eyes could pierce the curtain of the cloud. His brain was now clear and focussed on the matter in hand. For the moment they were safe in their niche. To climb back the way they had come was out of the question—the raking artillery of the Matterhorn would have swept them from their holds down to extinction. To the right and left there was no escape, but straight down Patterson thought that he could see a possible way out. Below their stance a smooth and holdless precipice fell absolutely sheer as far as they could see. Thirty feet down was a ledge—scarcely more than a foot wide but wide enough for a mountaineer. This apparently extended for some distance in both directions, and by following it to the left it was probable that they might regain the ridge. Then it would be easy going to the hut.

It would be simple for one to lower the other down to the ledge, but for the second man to get down was another matter. In the niche where they stood

"Beg pardon, sir. Our mistake!" *R. A. Hershberger*

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there was no projecting rock around which the rope could be doubled to protect the last man. Without the rope he could not hope to drop thirty feet and stay poised on a foot-wide ledge. But on closer inspection Patterson saw that, from the niche, an inch-wide crack wandered down the face to fade out halfway to the ledge. Down this the second man, if his faith were strong and his muscles stout, might just manage to cling his way for fifteen feet. Then he would need have faith in his destiny and drop. The man below would stand ready to snatch at him as he struck the ledge and, with good fortune, steady him.

PATTERSON turned and looked curiously at the man by his side. Suddenly the jealousy, the hatred of the husband for the other man, had vanished. Here was a thing to be done, a matter of life and death to Paula. She must be rescued. In comparison with that, nothing else was of the slightest consequence. To do that, one of them—it mattered little which—must get down safely to the hut. And that, clearly, could be accomplished. The first man down to the ledge, the one to be lowered, could, if necessary, make his way alone to the hut. If the second man could drop and cling to the ledge, so much the better.

As Patterson turned to speak to his companion he thought that he heard a hail from somewhere down the slope. He shouted, listened, then called again, but no answer came. It must have been the wind.

By now the storm had subsided enough to talk without shouting. Patterson set forth the case. He spoke in a detached, impersonal way as though he were stating a problem to a class.

"And so you see," he concluded, "the first man on the ledge must unrope so as not to be pulled down if the other misses the jump."

Claudel turned away to avoid the other's direct look. At first he made no reply, then he said thickly:

"But the first man on the ledge—he may be pulled off if the other snatches hold of him when he lands."

Patterson shrugged. "Possibly. Not likely. It's up to the second man not to snatch."

Claudel was breathing quickly in deep gasps. Suddenly he made up his mind.

"Good," he snapped. "I go first." And without waiting for an answer he started down.

Patterson watched him with a dry grin. After all, it was better that the fellow should go first. Probably if he had been left to jump he couldn't have been trusted to keep from clutching as he landed.

In a moment Claudel was swinging clear on the rope and Patterson began to lower him rapidly before the constriction of the cord should cut off his breathing. Soon the rope went slack and the man above, looking down, saw that the other was standing securely on the ledge. At once he drew up the rope and coiled it around his shoulder.

"Are you all right?" shouted Patterson.

The other nodded without looking up.

"Stand by then to catch me when I drop."

Patterson had begun to lower himself and was feeling for a hold in the crack when he was arrested by a cry from below, a queerly strangled sort of cry. Claudel was safe enough, no doubt of that, but his face had gone white and he was visibly shaking. He tried to speak, but, at first, no words came. Then he burst out in a shrill voice:

"I will not stand here to be jerked down. Save yourself." He turned away and began to edge his way along the ledge.

Patterson stared down silently at the other. His strongest emotion was the profound pity that one human being feels for another whose morale has collapsed under a strain. Then he started and his eyes widened with horror. Claudel's nerve was gone. Instead of balancing easily on his ledge he was pressing himself convulsively against the wall, moving by inches. Suddenly he put his hand before his eyes and swayed. To Patterson, above, he seemed to hang for minutes in the air.

Clutching violently, he caught the ledge and hung suspended by his hands.

For an age-long moment his body writhed with frantic efforts to recover, then he hung motionless, his knuckles whitening with their grip on the ledge. Patterson, looking down, saw Claudel's gaze fixed on him with a look of dumb entreaty.

How long could he hold on? To Patterson's mind that question presented itself as an abstract problem to be debated in leisurely fashion while time stood still. In reality not more than a second or two had passed before he was in action, clinging like a cat to the sheer wall, fingers and toes jammed hard into the crack. Every foot of descent was a miracle of straining effort. Every moment he nerved himself for the fall that seemed inevitable.

At last he was at the end of the crack. He gave one quick look at the foot-wide ledge fifteen feet below—he did not dare to repeat it. Without allowing himself an instant's wait he poised himself and dropped.

His feet struck the ledge squarely. For a sickening moment he swayed outward, then he recovered and caught a firm handhold on the wall. With an overpowering rush of joy he realized that he was safe.

As he turned to make his way along the ledge he heard a hoarse shout and, fifty yards below, he saw the burly figure of the guide, Hans Sturmer, climbing rapidly up along the ledge. Without waiting for him Patterson hurried to where Claudel's hands were still clamped to the rock, blood oozing out from under the nails. He quickly uncoiled the rope, anchored it around a projecting splinter of rock and, kneeling, passed a loop under the Frenchman's arms. Then he waited until Hans came up and, with a strong pull together, they brought the limp form up over the edge.

ACROSS Claudel's inert body the other two looked into each other's eyes. A frown deepened on the old guide's weather-beaten face.

"Was he worth saving, mein Herr?" he growled.

"You saw—?" asked Patterson, pointing to the crack.

Sturmer nodded.

"Then forget what you saw," said Patterson crisply, and, turning to Claudel: "Hold yourself up," he snapped.

"You—you will tell these guides and the others what—how—?" the Frenchman stammered, his eyes averted.

Patterson gave Sturmer a quizzical look.

"Tell them what?" he asked.

A deep-throated laugh rumbled in the old guide's beard.

"Nothing," he said jovially. "The Herr had a little accident on a bad pitch, and is something shaken. *Nicht wahr?*"

Then, as hope rose in Claudel's eyes, Patterson went on:

"Lord, man, don't be afraid of Hans and me telling tales. Come along. You're going on down to Zermatt right away with the third guide, and I'm taking Hans and his brother back to get Paula. It'll be no trick to bring her down, now the storm's over."

(Continued on page 44)

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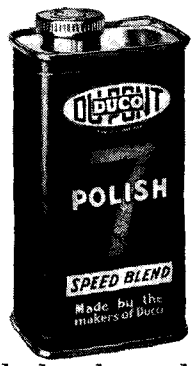

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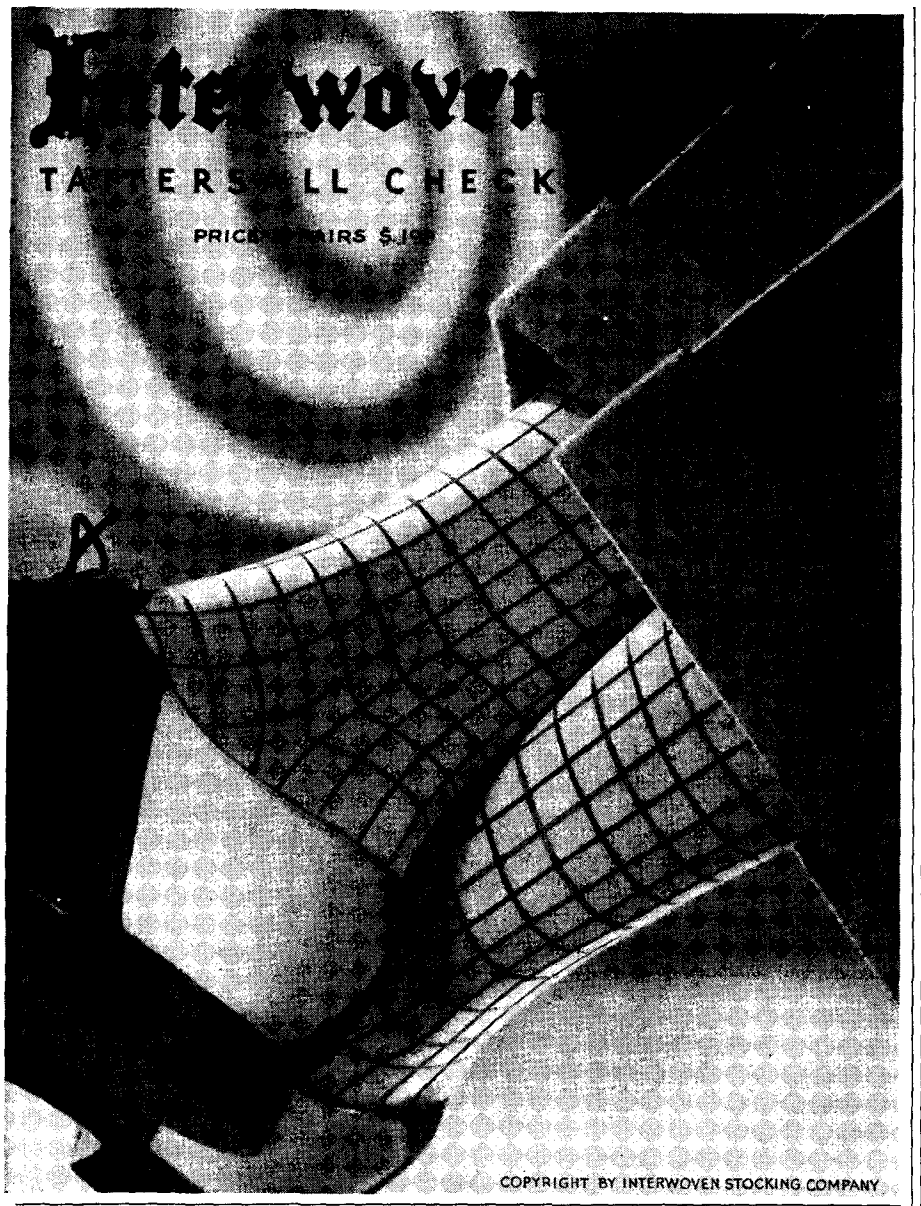

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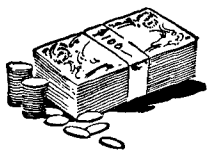

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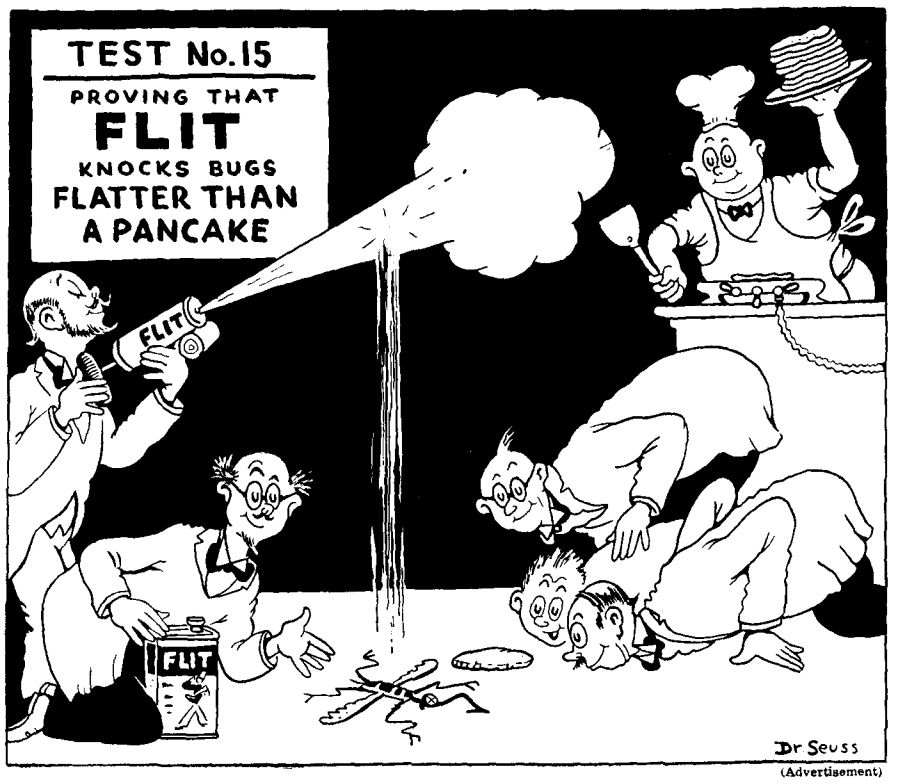


(Advertisement)

(Continued from page 43)

Just before the last flicker of daylight faded from the crags they brought Paula into the shelter—unharmed. She lay under a pile of dingy blankets and smiled wanly up at her husband. A question came into her eyes and she looked around her.

"But where's Henri?" she asked. "Didn't he wait here for us?"

Patterson's face clouded. It was as though an old, forgotten pain had come back to plague him.

"No," he said slowly, "I guess he must have been in a hurry. He's gone on down the mountain."

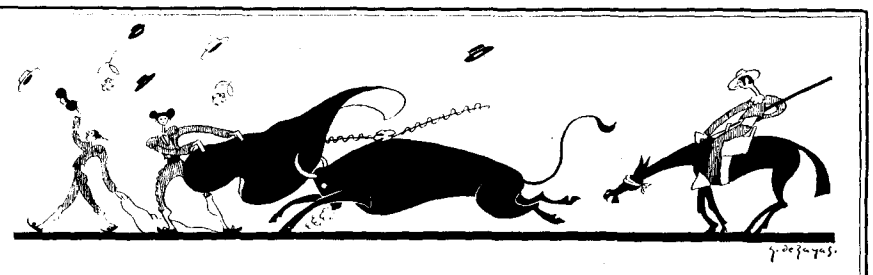
"Indeed? How rude of him."

Old Hans, who had drawn near, shook with Homeric laughter.

"The Herr has gone down to buy candles," he said, "to burn before Our Lady in gratitude to one who saved him at great peril."

Paula's lip trembled and a frightened look came into her eyes. Then she looked up at her husband with a tremulous smile.

"Darling," she whispered, "I'm glad he has gone. I—I'm so sorry about it all. When you left me up there I realized that nothing in the world mattered but you—for you to get down safe."



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The bullfight is *not* losing its popularity. There are 1,300 well-patronized bull rings today in Spain, Portugal, France, Mexico and South America, some of which are so profitable that they are able to pay their best fighters as much as $1,800 a performance.

Because Christ's birthday is unknown, Christmas has been celebrated on more than 100 different dates throughout the year. Not until the middle of the fourth century was December 25th generally adopted for its observance, and this date was selected because it had long been a festival day in many countries.

The world still does not possess actual statistics on such vital information as the age, sex, marital condition, occupation and religion of 700,000,000 persons, or more than a third of its population.—*By Andrew W. Robertson, London, England.*

Up to about 100 years ago in Europe, the "licking of the thumb" was a legalized way of making a bargain or giving a pledge. Not only did persons lick and join their thumbs when they settled a sale or contract but even nuns sometimes took their vows by wetting the thumb and pressing it against a sword.

The first dramatic presentation in history was a passion play that was given annually by the Egyptians 4,000 years ago in which they depicted the martyrdom, murder and resurrection of their god Osiris.—*By Mrs. I. W. Barber, Lincoln, Nebraska.*

Last year 10,251 wrecked or worn-out motor-cars were abandoned by their owners on the streets of New York City—an average of one every 51 minutes.

No longer can jungle expedition movies be presented as authentic when they have been faked in Hollywood. The Federal Trade Commission has ruled that hereafter all such scenes must be made in the country advertised and not on studio sets with tame animals, dummy victims and colored children as pygmies.

Years ago in England noblemen and other aristocrats, when sentence of death was about to be executed, graciously tipped the executioner as their last gesture of gentility.—*By Margaret Stanbrough, Owego, New York.*

Tourists in China never forget the sight of large amusement halls packed with fight fans who are wildly gesticulating, cheering and betting on the big battle that is going on in the center of the arena—between two crickets in a teacup—which can only be seen by the referee and the judge.

The greatest group of autographs in existence today is the Halstead Collection in England. It comprises 32,000 letters and individual signatures of famous men, among whom are Napoleon, Frederick the Great, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Walter Scott and Buffalo Bill.

More than 16,000,000 animals were employed in the World War. They comprised horses, donkeys, camels, dogs, cats, pigeons and geese, and many were heroes like Satan, "the little mongrel dog that saved Verdun."

A secret in the manufacture of one of the world's finest makes of porcelain china is that 44 per cent of it is the ash of cattle bones.

The United States has 10,000,000 sportsmen—about 25 per cent of the adult male population—who take out a state license to hunt or fish every year.—*By Martha Barnette, New York City.*

The custom of parking shoes at the entrance of the Mosque of St. Sophia in Istanbul, Turkey, has gone out of fashion. They are now carried in because hundreds of pairs were stolen recently and the owners, in swearing at their misfortune, lost all the religious merit that they had just acquired in prayer.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Catching up with Huey

Continued from page 13

connecting Huey with anything, good or bad, were so few that the investigators arrived at the conclusion that there must be some sort of excellent reason.

Not that the investigators weren't kept busy. They perused the books of companies that supplied the state of Louisiana with motor-cars, trucks, cement, sand, gravel, public buildings, concrete highways, stationery, electric power plants, clothing, grand pianos (a large consignment of which arrived en masse at the Louisiana State University, unannounced, one day), lumber, iron, steel, canned asparagus, hardware, gasoline, sewing machines, funerals, divining rods, fire engines, rubber heels and money. They interviewed bankers, builders, lawyers, journalists, preachers, former governors and even took long statements from Huey's own brothers, Earl and Julius, who told them frankly that anybody believing what Senator Long told them was just wasting time. Even Battling Bozeman, once Huey's bodyguard and now his venomous enemy, told them all he knew—or he could remember. They accumulated enough data to break the axles of a five-ton truck. And then, apparently, sent it to Washington where for some reason, possibly political, it was buried so deeply that only a select few know the spot.

Money Makes the Machine Go

The business of Huey's personal political machine was run on a cash basis. Contributions were made in cash, expenses defrayed in cash. The fiscal affairs of the state of Louisiana were not, unhappily, conducted on so efficient a basis. When Huey became governor in 1928, the outstanding bonds of the state amounted to $14,269,200. To date, under his dictatorship, that bonded indebtedness has increased to $95,772,460. And this does not include the bonds of the Dock Board of New Orleans, which would add forty million to the accumulation.

When Mr. Long took office in 1928 the state's total appropriations amounted to less than twenty-seven millions. For 1933 it has appropriated $86,538,388.97. To be brief about it, the state government of Louisiana today owes $131,156,460 all told. If you add to this the parish, municipal, levee and other local indebtednesses you fetch the total to $425,000,000, including the $7,000,000 which Huey coaxed out of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to take care of the state's indigent and so on.

Just where all the enormous increase in the state's debt went to is one of the mysteries the government investigators tried to solve. How far they got, they and the Federal government refuse to tell. But it is known that Senator Long did not lose a cent. He entered office in 1928 a poor man. What he is worth today is still baffling the Internal Revenue agents, just as how he came by it takes its place among the more elusive facts. His salary as governor was $6,500 a year. You buy and maintain no such mansions as he has on Audubon Boulevard in New Orleans with that. As United States senator he can draw a maximum salary of ten thousand dollars a year, actually less. That income does not provide one with hundred-thousand-dollar life insurance policies such as Huey's. He may have derived substantial incomes from law firms with which he has been connected. In Louisiana an officeholder can retain his professional alliances of private life. He may even occupy several offices, one elective and one or more appointive.

However it may be, the reports made by the investigators were sufficiently stirring to prompt the Senate, in which Huey sat, to send its special committee on Investigation of Campaign Expenditures to New Orleans to look, first, into the method whereby Congressman Overton, Huey's hand-picked candidate, was elected to the Senate to displace Senator Broussard, whom Huey had come to look upon as his enemy, and, second, where all the money came from. The committee was made up of Senator Howell of Nebraska, chairman, Senator Townsend of Delaware, Senator Carey of Wyoming, Senator Bratton of New Mexico and Senator Connally of Texas. General Samuel T. Ansell, of Washington and New Orleans, a forthright enemy of all that Senator Long stands for, was the committee's counsel. Senator Long appeared as counsel for his side—and incidentally for Mr. Overton.

The committee began its examinations of witnesses on October 5, 1932, and adjourned with a jolt, after thirteen somewhat rambling sittings, frequently with only two members present, on February 13, 1933. It proposed to resume when convenient, but upon the question of reconvening it was quite as mysterious as the reports that set it in motion. Senator Howell died. Senator George of Georgia was appointed to fill his place as chairman.

If you seek reasons why the committee quit, you may have your choice of a large and somewhat bizarre variety. But of them all one is offered more frequently than the others. The sessions ceased just before the inauguration of President Roosevelt. The Roosevelt program was a blistering one, filled with revolutionary numbers which would require the greatest degree of felicity between the White House and the Capitol. To open one's administration by antagonizing a voice so persuasive as Senator Long's was to invite more trouble than any new President should begin with.

A Checkrein on Huey

One has the privilege of doubting Huey's sincerity in many things, particularly after viewing the Louisiana scene close up. And yet, such was the temper of the people at large, that Huey's borrowed idealisms and loudly reiterated denunciations of banks, bankers, Wall Street and "the system" had won him a large following, not so much in his own state, where his personal stock was declining in the rural districts, as outside of Louisiana where that state's political conditions and impending bankruptcy were not known. For all of Huey's blasts against Wall Street he has not denied himself the pleasures of the rich. Neither has he disdained the agreeable sensation of beholding his personal fortune increase even though the populace to whom he appealed for support sank deeper and deeper in poverty.

At any rate, Huey Long was entirely too powerful personally and in general effect for any new administration to antagonize. There were two ways in which the administration could hold him in line that its program might be conducted with a minimum of friction. One was to declare an investigation moratorium, which it did, and the other was to delay the assignment of Federal patronage. And it did that too.

Still Huey was hard to restrain. To his banners in the Senate (the man is a natural leader) came Senator Caraway of Arkansas, in whose campaign

(Continued on page 46)

"Whose little boy does this shirt belong to?"

"It's MY *shirt? No, my dear, it is* NOT! *I'm well over twelve years of age. Look at those dinky little sleeves. A foot long, if they're an inch. And that collar! A perfect fit for a growing boy, if he doesn't grow too fast. What's that? It* SHRANK! *Well, my dear wife, if you can't find some shirts that won't shrink, you're not the clever woman I married."*

• • •

At this crucial point, we step right in, Madam, with one word of good advice — Arrow! Arrow Shirts *will never shrink!* In the first place, they're the best-looking shirts you ever saw. And they keep their good looks forever—because they're Sanforized-Shrunk.

Now don't confuse "Sanforized-Shrunk" with "Pre-Shrunk." "Pre-Shrunk" is often only a claim—as you know to your sorrow. But "Sanforized-Shrunk" is a *guarantee!* A guarantee that no matter how often an Arrow Shirt is laundered, the sleeves will not shorten; the collar won't tighten; the entire shirt will stay its original size.

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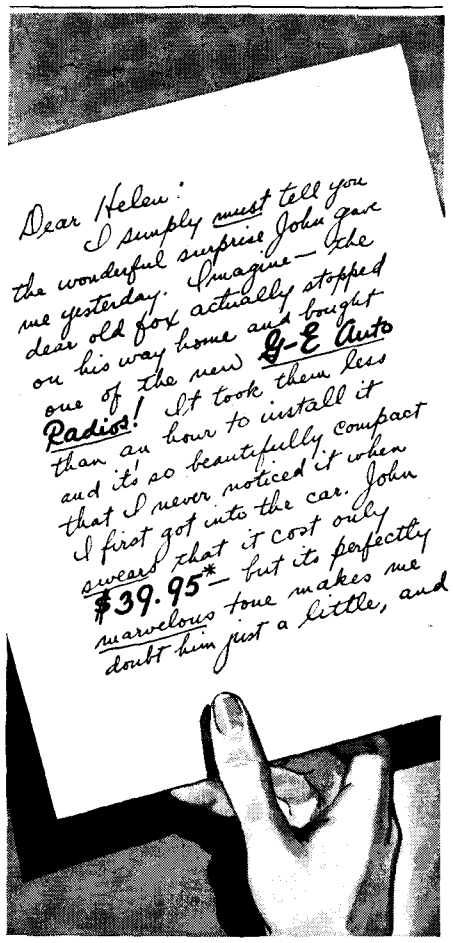
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marvelous tone makes me
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(*Continued from page 45*)

for election he spent $5,600 and lots of valuable time; Senator Bone of Washington, a new member whose appeals to the masses have been more consistent than Huey's and probably much more sincere, Senator Clark of Missouri, Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, and of course his own Senator Overton of Louisiana. And on a number of subjects there were others who might readily rally to Huey if by doing so they would be appeasing demands from their constituencies for swifter action than the White House contemplated.

Therefore it was good politics for the new administration to tread softly for the time being in the Long bailiwick. One is informed in Washington that at least once, when Huey gave signs of being aggrieved by the lack of attention he was getting at the White House and in the Senate committees, he was shown a report made by the Internal Revenue investigators and told to hold his tongue and be glad his position in life is as favorable as it is. It is also said that one or two of Huey's contemplated outbreaks were discouraged by Postmaster General Farley in a heart-to-heart talk with the Boss of Louisiana. One is told that Mr. Farley revealed enough of Huey's known political errors to silence him. So, at least, runs the story. From the other side you get it that Huey himself managed the unexpected adjournment of the investigating committee and has prevented, practically forbidden, its resumption. His friends tell you that in the eighteen months the Federal men worked in Louisiana they got nothing but hearsay and Huey, tiring of it, warned the Senate's leaders that he would upset the apple cart if there was any more of this nonsense. All sorts of stories.

But certain viewpoints of individual members of the investigating committee were important. Two or three of them, although appointed to seek out irregularities in the election of Senator Overton, let it be understood that they "were not interested in the workings of the Louisiana election laws," this being "entirely Louisiana's affair." And there was a disposition in the committee to stay away from any report or conclusion which would open the way to an investigation of primary laws in other states. Huey is supposed to have compiled a neat volume—a Black Book, no less—about the election machinery in a dozen states and was all prepared to counter attack if his organization's methods of nominating and electing were denounced by the committee.

The Committee Adjourns

At least one member of the committee—Senator Townsend of Delaware—was financially interested in Louisiana, the state owing a highway materials corporation with which Senator Townsend is connected more than eighty thousand dollars. Although Louisiana under the Long domination has issued upwards of $75,000,000 in bonds for road construction, Senator Townsend's concern received scrip and naturally hopes some day to have that paper redeemed.

Suddenly, on February 17, 1933, two weeks before the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt, the committee adjourned. Of all the committee only the gentle Senator Howell and Senator Carey attended that dismal session. They heard their authority smilingly flouted by Mr. Weiss and derided by Senator Long from the side lines. He has yet to take the witness stand. They had learned that impressive sums of money had been donated to Senator Long, Mr. Weiss and Huey's invaluable collectors and disbursers, Mr. Bob Maestri and Mr. Abie Shushan. But all in cash. There were no bank books to review, no bank statements to peruse, no checks to scan.

What little the committee had learned were such fragments as Messrs. Weiss, Maestri and Shushan could remember, cared to remember or felt inclined to put into words if they did remember. Nothing new about such defenses, of course. A long time ago, the Honorable Matthew Stanley Quay, as boss of Pennsylvania, said that a public servant could not go wrong provided he always remembered to "sign nothing and then forget it." Thus far, the victory was all Huey's, although a Pyrrhic one.

The committee has made no public statement. Its members are so reluctant to talk about the evidence and the aspects that you gather that they regard it as something that gentlemen just don't like to think about. It would have been better for Huey and his lads to have had a round scolding from the committee. Of course a complete vindication, or a not-guilty verdict, would have been best; but for the committee to vanish into a dismal silence leaves too much to the imagination.

It puts Huey in a nasty spot. His machine will chug along somehow no matter what happens to him. The boys have put it up to Huey to do all the work from now on. If they are compelled to make their choice between the organization and Huey, they will abandon him. The state treasury is just about as empty as a wrestler's hat. The Louisiana taxpayers are so far behind in their payments that they have lost interest. Without funds Huey's political circus starves. Little by little he has lost the confidence of the rural parishes. And his stronghold, the southern parishes and in particular New Orleans, are resenting his domineering.

Fast Financing

Huey started his political career strong in the rural sections of the state, but with the New Orleans ring against him. He made his peace with New Orleans by granting that city a yearly subsidy from the state treasury—$900,000 for the omnivorous Dock Board, the most powerful single political unit in the city, and $700,000 a year to the City Hall for street paving and maintenance. These in perpetuity. In addition he authorized a bond issue of $7,000,000 to finance in New Orleans a street and interurban railway. Some of the annuities are in arrears. And the New Orleans crowd is wondering whether Huey is indispensable after all.

He traveled too fast. The finances of Louisiana couldn't stand the pace. Huey began with a two-cent gasoline tax which, he said, gave him the right to issue $30,000,000 in bonds. He issued them. When he discovered that the two-cent tax was going to produce only $21,000,000, he raised it to four cents, which, he calculated, would support the $30,000,000 plus $45,000,000 more. He issued these too, the process being very simple. The state's constitution has it that the Board of Liquidation has the right to authorize bonds "in an emergency" without consulting the legislature. Huey declared an emergency.

More bond authorizations followed. We shan't go into detail. But the absorption of these bonds ceased when the banks, already sodden with Louisiana paper, began to close their doors and the populace prepared to see how long it could live without food. There are still $20,000,000 of authorized bonds to be sold. But the constitution is clear that state bonds may not be sold below par. All that the Long machine requires at present is a constitutional amendment giving it the right to sell bonds to the highest bidder. There are, today, nearly $30,000,000 of Louisiana state paper in defunct banks.

On July first, this year, Louisiana will have to produce interest on $68,000,000 of Huey's highway bonds. Time was when the solution would be simple: Baton Rouge would merely notify the banks of Louisiana, almost all of them operating under state charters, that three or four million dollars were needed and there would be nothing to do until it happened again. But that's all over. And to meet the interest due on $68,000,000 worth of bonds, Louisiana had less than a million in its treasury on March 31.

Hard times for Huey. As long as he can keep the Senate scared of him he may avoid further investigation. But if it comes to the worst he can retire to private life, resume his legal practice and seek peace in the bosom of his family. Even there he may encounter difficulties.

Why Papa Stays With Aunt Alice

On November 4, 1930, Huey's elder brother, Julius wrote to the governor of Louisiana:

"Dear Huey: Papa is having to intrude on others now for shelter. He is staying with our Aunt Alice, now. If I had the place and means I would take him. Since your family do not stay at Baton Rouge, I have thought that it would be nice, and some company to you when you are there, to have Papa come and take a room in the Mansion and stay there. It would be a great credit to him and us also, and cost you practically nothing. It would make some show for you in that respect. He could look after things there for you.

"JULIUS."

On December 4th, Huey replied to this simple plea for a home for his father, Huey P. Long, Sr.:

"Dear Julius: I have more worries, complexities, distresses, tribulations, impoverishments than any forty more in my family. I have them on two sides, well practically on one side where I bear it entirely. I'll do my bit. Don't ask me to do more. I can't. I do all to hold up under what I have now, and give the people any service at all. Such ingratitude that you get from your relatives—laws, in-laws and outlaws—and the trouble they cause you trying to help them are enough to disgust any man. I wish I were catching fish in Alaska where no one wanted my job and base ingratitude and threatened hold-ups could not be possible. I am now, above all times, least able to help out anyone. However, I'll contribute. I need a nurse to undergo what I have on my hands rather than become caretaker for anybody at this time. I work twenty hours a day. Sincerely,

"HUEY."

"PS. Your suggestion 'to keep me company' would tickle you if you knew that a guard has to hold them out of my house while I sleep the few hours I get.—HUEY."

So Papa Long, a tired, kindly old man, remained at Aunt Alice's until Julius could make other arrangements for him. Huey was busy, of course. He was getting himself elected to the United States Senate, building a five and a half million dollar capitol which has yet to be paid for, erecting a magnificent governor's mansion, finding buyers for millions of dollars' worth of highway bonds, making political alliances with the New Orleans political ring and in general breaking all the speed laws in his haste to reach the nasty predicament he occupies now.

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Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 23

ten years ago you may recall. But it incorporates many new features of Ericksen. It was built at my yard on the Irrawaddy, in your beloved Burma.

"I must leave you. If I do so with a certain reluctance, this is due to the fact that I always pay my gambling debts. My life was at your mercy, Sir Denis—and you held your hand. . . ."

Silence.

That guttural, imperious voice had ceased.

"No lights—yet!" came harshly from Nayland Smith. "He has paid the debt. He won't pay twice!"

And in that clammy darkness I stood waiting—and listening.

Sir Denis began speaking again, close to my ear, in a low voice:

"Where did you place him?"

"Almost directly opposite to where we stand—"

"But higher up?"

"Yes."

"I agree. There's some gallery there. We must move warily. I gather that you are a powerful swimmer?"

MY HEART sank. Keyed up though I was to the supreme object—escape—contemplation of plunging into that still, cavernous water appalled me.

"Fairly good—but I'm rather below par at the moment!"

"That is understood, Sterling. Only vital issues at stake could demand such an effort. As a matter of fact, I believe this pool to be no more than fifty or sixty yards from side to side. My own powers as a swimmer being limited, I trust I am right. I might manage once across!"

"What's your plan, Sir Denis?"

"This: If we show ourselves again we may be shot down; but this we can test: I suggest that we place a light on the edge of the wharf, as a beacon, and that you slip quietly into the water. There's a ladder near to where we stand. Getting your direction from the light, swim across—"

"I'm game. What next?"

"Find out if there is any way of climbing up—"

"In this utter darkness!"

"Palpably impossible! But you have probably swum across a river before now, carrying your valuables under your hat?"

"I have seen it done."

"My rubber tobacco pouch, which is unusually large, will comfortably accommodate the automatic which I am now slipping into it, and also one of the flashlights. . . . Pass yours to me—"

Silently, I groped in the blackness, found Sir Denis' outstretched hand and transferred my lamp to him.

"I am tying up the pouch in a silk handkerchief," he murmured. . . . "Here we are—come nearer. . . ."

As I moved cautiously forward, I felt his grasp on my shoulder; some of the man's amazing vitality was imparted to me: I warmed to the ordeal.

"Tie the loose ends under your chin," he directed.

And as I endeavored to the best of my ability to carry out his directions, he went on, speaking in a low voice but urgently:

"If you can get ashore, use the light to find a way up. Keep the gun in your other hand. If you can make no landing, swim back. Is it clear—and can you do it?"

"It's clear, Sir Denis; and, failing interference, I think I can do it."

"Good man! Now grab my arm, and when I move back move with me!"

I felt him stoop . . . then suddenly a light sprang up at my feet!

"Back," he muttered.

He drew me back three paces, and, watching, I saw the light move. . . . It moved slowly towards us . . . became stationary . . . moved again!

"I tied a piece of string to it," he murmured in my ear.

The silence, save for those low-spoken words, remained unbroken, until:

"No snipers!" rapped Sir Denis. "Dr. Fu Manchu retains his one noble heritage. His word is his bond. Get busy, now, Sterling! I'll place the light. . . ."

Of that swim across the cavern I prefer not to think; therefore I shall not attempt to describe it. The temperature of the water was much lower than in the open sea.

At a point which I estimated to be not more than fifty yards from the wharf, I touched a rock bottom. I experimented cautiously; found a foothold; and began to grope forward.

Shelves of rock met my questing fingers. I managed to scramble out of the water. Then, half sitting on a ledge, I unfastened my curious headdress, and, gripping the tobacco pouch between my teeth, extracted the light. I continued to hold it so, the automatic still inside, while I directed a ray of light upward.

It was no easy climb, but I saw that there was a shelf of rock ten or twelve feet up. It sloped at an easy gradient to what looked like a small cave in the wall of the cavern.

I turned, looking back.

The faint beam of light from the lamp, gleaming on that still pool, pointed almost directly towards me.

I began to climb.

There were fewer difficulties than I had looked for. Without very great exertion, I gained the shelf and started for the gap in the rock. When I reached it, I hesitated for a moment. It was much higher and wider than I had thought it to be from below.

Taking the tobacco pouch from between my teeth, I grasped Nayland Smith's automatic—and went forward.

I FOUND myself in a rock passage not unlike that which we had negotiated on the other side of the pool, except that it was not boarded and that it sloped steeply downward.

The passage wound and twisted intricately, growing ever lower and narrower. I pushed on.

There was nothing to show that it was used: it looked like untouched handiwork of nature; untraveled, undiscovered. The gradient grew so steep as to resemble a crude stair. I stumbled to the foot of it. . . .

And I saw the sun rising over the Mediterranean! I shouted exultantly.

I stood in a tiny, pebbly bay, locked in by huge cliffs. The sea lay before me, but neither to right nor to left could I obtain a glimpse of any coast line.

There was some hint of a path leading steeply upward on one side. I examined it closely. Yes, at *some* time it had been traversed!

Five paces up, I found a burned match!

I turned back, running in my eagerness. And, in a fraction of the time taken by my outward journey, I found myself at the mouth of the passage, staring across the pool to where that feeble beacon beckoned.

"Sir Denis," I cried, and waved my flashlight—"swim across! *We're out!*"

I looked out across the sea, shimmering under a cloudless morning sky, then turned and stared at my companion.

His tanned skin, upon which in that keen light many little lines showed, and the fact that he was unshaven, added to the gauntness of his features. He wore a gray flannel suit and rubber-soled shoes. The suit was terribly wrinkled, and his tie, which I had watched him knotting, was not strictly in place; but nevertheless I felt that Sir Denis Nayland Smith presented a better front to the world than I did at that moment.

IN THAT keen profile I read something of the force which lies behind a successful career; and looking down at the dirty white overalls in which I was arrayed, a wave of admiration swept over me—admiration for the alert intelligence of my companion in this strange adventure. Who but Sir Denis would have thought of bundling our scanty possessions into a small packing-case, and towing it behind him on that same piece of string which had served in his test to unmask a possible sniper?

He was examining the match upon the rock path which alone had given me a clue to the fact that escape from this secret spot was possible.

"That this path leads somewhere and does not just lose itself among the rocks, I have little doubt. My own impression is that it leads to the beach of Ste. Claire. But this is not the chief point of interest—"

"To me, it seems to be."

"What do you regard as the most curious features of our recent experience?"

I considered for a moment, and then:

"The mystery of Dr. Fu Manchu's motive in remaining behind," I replied, "and the greater mystery of how and when he joined his submersible yacht—whatever a submersible yacht may be."

Nayland Smith nodded rapidly.

"You are getting near to it," he rapped. "I am satisfied that the opening above the water cave at the top of the rocks was the place from which he spoke to us. And I think we are unanimous on the point that there is no other means of exit but this. Therefore, I have been asking myself for the last ten minutes: why did he come by this roundabout route when he could have boarded his craft at the wharf, as no doubt the other members of his household did. It's rather a hazardous guess, but one I like to make."

"What is it, Sir Denis?"

"I don't think he joined the submarine at all."

"What!"

"Whatever the construction of that craft may be, it would offer serious obstacles to the transporting of a sick man."

"Good heavens! You think—"

"It is just possible that Petrie has been taken another way, under the personal care of the Doctor."

"But," I protested, "that climb up the rocks?"

"Could easily be performed by native bearers carrying a stretcher or litter, and descent to this point is easy."

"But—" I pointed along the faintly penciled track.

Nayland Smith shook his head.

"Not that way, Sterling," he admitted. "A motor boat has been lying here. Look—there are still traces of

(Continued on page 48)

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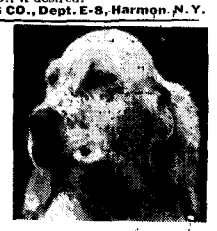

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(Continued from page 47)

oil at the margin of the water, and the beach slopes away very sharply."

"You think Dr. Fu Manchu has been taken to some landing place farther along the coast, where a car awaited him?"

"That is the point we have to settle. Only one of two roads could serve—the Great Corniche or the Middle. All cars using them are being challenged and searched."

"Then, by heaven, we may have him yet!"

"Knowing him better than you do, I look upon that as almost too much to hope for, Sterling. However, suppose we begin our climb."

We set out.

The path was one of those which would not have appalled a hardened climber, but mountaineering had never aroused my enthusiasm. One thing was certain: Dr. Fu Manchu and his party had never come this way.

At one point the path led us a mile inland, climbing very near to the rim of a deep gorge and at an eerie height above the sea. It was a mere tracing, much better suited to a goat than to a human being. Never once did it touch any practicable road, but now led seaward again, until we found ourselves high up on the side of a dizzy precipice, sheer above the blue Mediterranean.

"Heavens!" muttered Nayland Smith, clutching at the rocky wall at his right hand. "This is getting rather too exciting!"

"I agree, Sir Denis."

We rounded the bluff and saw that our way lay inland again. The slope below was less steep, and there was dense vegetation upon its side. Nayland Smith pulled up, and under one upraised hand, stared hard.

"It is difficult to recognize from this point," he said, "but here is the bay of Ste. Claire as I suspected."

And now that crazy path began to descend, leading us lower and lower.

It was very still there, and the early-morning air possessed champagne-like properties. And suddenly Sir Denis turned to me.

"Do you hear it, Sterling?" he snapped.

Distinctly, in the silence, although it seemed to come from a long way off, I had detected the sound to which he referred—a distant shouting, and an almost incessant booming sound.

"It seems incredible," he continued, "but they are evidently still trying to force a way into the house! Come on, let's hurry—there's much to do, and very little time to do it."

WE RAN down the remaining few yards of the path, and found ourselves upon the beach—that beach of which I had dreamed so often—but always with the dainty, sun-browned figure of Fleurette seated upon it.

Sir Denis, whose powers of physical endurance were little short of phenomenal, ran across, making for that corresponding path upon the other side which led to the seven flights of steps communicating with the terrace of the villa. . . .

We mounted at the double.

I saw that the main door had been forced and the shutters torn from an upper window against which a ladder rested.

The booming sound, which had grown louder as we approached, was caused by the efforts of a party of men under a bewildered police officer, endeavoring to force the first of the section doors, that at the top of the steps which led down to the radio research room.

Sir Denis made himself known to the man—who had not been a member of the original party. And we learned the astounding fact that with the exception of four, the whole of that party, including the chief of police, remained locked inside the house—nor had any sound or message come from them!

A man was at work with an acetylene torch, supported by others with crowbars.

Expert reinforcements were expected at any moment; and—a curious feature of the situation—although there was a telephone in the villa, no message had come over it from within, nor had any reply been received when the number was called. . . .

IN THE course of the next few minutes I had my first real sight of Ste. Claire de la Roche.

A paved path circled the house. There were ladders against several windows; ways had been forced into the outer rooms, and the villa proper was in possession of the police. But I knew that the real establishment was far below, and that it was much more extensive than that more or less open to inspection.

The front of the villa, by which I mean that part which faced towards the distant road, was squat and unimpressive. An entrance had been forced from this point also, and there were a number of police hurrying about.

A little cobbled street, flanked by a house with an arched entrance, presented itself. Beside the house, in a cavern-like opening, a steep flight of steps disappeared into blackness. The top of a ladder projected above the parapet on my right, and, looking over, I saw that part of the glass roof of one of the forcing-houses visible at this point had been smashed and a ladder lowered through the gap.

Dim voices reached me from far below. I wondered if any of the raiding party had been found in that section.

But Nayland Smith was hurrying on down the slope. And now we came to a long, sanded drive. There was a wall on the left, beyond which I thought lay a kitchen garden, and a sheer drop on the right.

Sweeping around in a northerly direction, the drive led to gates of ornate iron scrollwork, which were closed, and I saw that two police officers were on duty there.

The gates were opened in response to a brief order, and we hurried out into a narrow, sloping lane. I remembered this lane—it wandered down to the main road—for I had penetrated to it in my earliest attempt to explore Ste. Claire de la Roche, and had been confronted with a "No thoroughfare" sign.

"There's a police car at the corner," said Nayland Smith; "we must take that."

A sergeant of police was standing by the car. He reported that a motorcyclist patrol had just passed. All cars using both roads had been challenged and searched throughout the night in accordance with Sir Denis' instructions. But no one had been detained.

Nayland Smith stood there twitching at the lobe of his ear; and my heart sank, for I thought that he was about to admit defeat.

"He may have gone by sea down to Italy," he said. "It is a possibility which must not be overlooked. Or, by heavens!"

He suddenly dashed his fist into the palm of his left hand.

"What, Sir Denis?"

"He may have had a yacht standing by! He got away from England in that manner on one occasion."

"It's also just possible," I began. . . .

"I know," Sir Denis groaned. "My theory lacks solid foundation—he may have joined the submarine?"

"Exactly."

"His delay might be due merely to his sense of the dramatic—which is strong. Get in, Sterling."

He turned to the sergeant in charge of the car.

"Office of the Préfet," he rapped and jumped in behind me.

Nayland Smith sat grimly silent, until at last:

"Sir Denis," I said, "this is no time to talk of my personal affairs, but—something which happened in Petrie's room has been puzzling me."

"What is that?" he snapped.

"Fleurette kept watch at the door—she had led me there—while I slipped in to see him. Just before I left, he caught a glimpse of her, and—"

"Yes?" said Sir Denis, a sudden keen interest in his eyes. "What did he do?"

"He sat up in bed as though he had seen an apparition. He asked in a most extraordinary voice who it was that had looked into the room. I had to leave—it was impossible to stay. But there is no doubt whatever that he recognized her—although, as she told me afterwards, she had never seen Petrie in her life."

I paused, meeting his eager regard; and then:

"You also thought you recognized her, Sir Denis," I went on, "and evidently you were not wrong. I can't believe I shall ever see her again, but, if you know, tell me: Who is she?"

He drew a deep breath.

"You told me, I think, that you had never met Kâramanèh—Petrie's wife?"

"Never."

"She was formerly a member of the household of Dr. Fu Manchu."

"It seems impossible!"

"It does, but it's a fact, nevertheless. I seem to remember telling you that she was the most beautiful woman I have ever known."

"You did."

"On one side she's of pure Arab blood, of the other I am uncertain."

"Arab?"

"Surely. She was selected for certain qualities, of which her extraordinary beauty was not the least, by Dr. Fu Manchu. Petrie upset his plans in that direction. Now, it is necessary for you to realize, Sterling, that Petrie, also, is a man of very good family—of sane, clean, balanced stock."

"I am aware of this, Sir Denis; my father knows him well."

SIR DENIS nodded, and went on:

"Dr. Fu Manchu has always held Petrie in high esteem. Very few people are aware of what I am now going to tell you—possibly even your father doesn't know. But a year after Petrie's marriage to Kâramanèh, a child was born."

"I had no idea of this."

"It was so deep a grief to them, Sterling, that they never spoke of it."

"A grief?"

"The child, a girl, was born in Cairo. She died when she was three weeks old."

"Good heavens! Poor old Petrie! I have never heard him even mention it."

"You never would. They agreed never to mention it. It was their way of forgetting. There were curious features about the case to which, in their sorrow, they were blind at the time. But when, nearly a year later, the full facts came into my possession, a truly horrible idea presented itself to my mind."

"What do you mean, Sir Denis?"

"Naturally I whispered no word of it to Petrie. It would have been the most callous cruelty to have done so. But, privately, I made a number of inquiries; and while I obtained no evidence upon which it was possible to act, nevertheless what I learned confirmed my suspicion. . . .

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He paused, watching me, a question in his eyes. But as I did not speak:

"When I entered that room, which I described to you as the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, I received one of the great shocks of my life. Do you know what I thought as I looked at Fleurette asleep?"

"I am trying to anticipate what you are going to tell me."

"I thought that it was Kâramanèh —Petrie's wife!"

"You mean—"

"I mean that even with her eyes closed, the likeness was uncanny, utterly beyond the possibility of coincidence. Then when you described to me their unusual quality — and Kâramanèh's eyes are her crowning beauty—I knew that I could not be mistaken."

Positively I was stricken dumb—I could only sit and stare at the speaker. No words occurred to me.

"Therefore, poor Petrie's recognition does not surprise me. It may seem amazing, Sterling, almost incredible, that a child less than three weeks old could be subjected to that treatment upon which much of Fu Manchu's monumental knowledge rests: the production of artificial catalepsy; but a fact which by now must have dawned upon you. He is not only the greatest physician alive today, he is probably the greatest physician who has ever lived."

"Sir Denis—"

The car was just pulling up before the police headquarters.

"There's no doubt whatever, Sterling!" He grasped my arm firmly. "Think of what the Doctor has told you about her—think of what she has told you about herself—so much as she knows. There isn't a shadow of doubt. Fleurette is Petrie's daughter, and Kâramanèh is her mother! Buck up, old chap, I know how you must feel about it—but we haven't abandoned hope, yet."

IN THE large but frigid office of M. Chamrousse, Préfet of the Department, that sedate, gray-bearded official spoke rapidly into the telephone, and made notes upon a writing pad, Sir Denis snapping his fingers impatiently, and pacing up and down the carpet.

I had no idea of his plan, of what he hoped for. My state of mental chaos was worse than before. Fleurette Petrie's daughter! From tenderest infancy she had lived as those others lived whom he wanted for his several purposes: a dream life!

And now—Petrie himself. . . .

In upon my thoughts broke the magisterial voice of the man at the big table.

"Here is the complete list, Sir Denis Nayland Smith," he said. "You will see that the only private vessel of any tonnage which has cleared a neighboring port during the past twelve hours is this one."

He rested the point of his pencil on the paper. Nayland Smith, bending eagerly over him, read the note aloud:

"'M. Y. Lola, of Buenos Aires; four thousand tons; owned by Santos da Cunha.'"

He suddenly stood upright, staring straight before him.

"Santos da Cunha?" he repeated. "Where have I heard that name?"

"Curiously enough," said M. Chamrousse, "the villa at Ste. Claire was formerly the property of this gentleman, from whom it was purchased by Mahdi Bey."

Sir Denis dashed his fist into the palm of his hand.

"Sterling," he cried—"there's hope yet! There's hope yet! But I have been blind. This is the Argentine for whose record I am waiting!" He turned to the préfet. "How long has the Lola been lying in Monaco?"

"Nearly a week, I believe."

"And she left?"

"Soon after dawn, Sir Denis—as I read in this report—"

"You see, Sterling! You see?" he cried. He turned again to the préfet, and:

"The Lola must be traced," he said rapidly—"without delay. Please give instructions for messages to be sent to all ships in this neighborhood, notifying position of this motor yacht when sighted."

"I can do this," said the other gravely, inclining his head.

"Next, is there a French or British warship in port anywhere along the coast?"

M. Chamrousse raised his eyebrows.

"There is a French destroyer in the harbor of Monaco," he replied.

"Please notify her commander to be ready to leave at a moment's notice—in fact, the instant I get on board."

THAT peremptory manner, contempt for red tape and routine, which characterized Sir Denis in emergencies, had the effect of ruffling the French official.

"This, sir," he replied, taking off his spectacles and tapping them on the blotting pad, "I cannot do."

"Cannot?"

The other shrugged.

"I have no such powers," he declared. "It is in the province of the naval authority. I doubt if even the admiral commanding the Mediterranean fleet could take it upon himself to do what you ask of me."

"Perhaps," rapped Nayland Smith, "in these circumstances, you will be good enough to put a call through to the Ministry of Marine in Paris."

M. Chamrousse shrugged his shoulders and looked mildly surprised.

"Really—" he began.

"My authority from the British Foreign Office," said Sir Denis, with a sort of repressed violence, "is such, that any delay you may cause must react to your own discredit. The interests of France as well as those of England are involved in this matter. Damn it, M. Chamrousse! I am here in the interests of France! Must I go elsewhere, or will you do as I ask?"

The préfet resignedly took up the telephone and gave instructions to the outer office that Paris should be called.

Nayland Smith began again to pace up and down the carpet.

"You know, Sir Denis Nayland Smith," M. Chamrousse began in his dry, precise voice, "it is perhaps a little unfair to me that I am so badly informed regarding this matter. All the available police have been rushed to Ste. Claire, and according to my latest reports, are locked up there. I am in the dark about this—I am tied hand and foot. Paris instructed me to place myself at your disposal, and I have done so, but the reputation of Mahdi Bey, whom I have met several times socially, is quite frankly above suspicion. To me the whole thing is incomprehensible; and now you demand—"

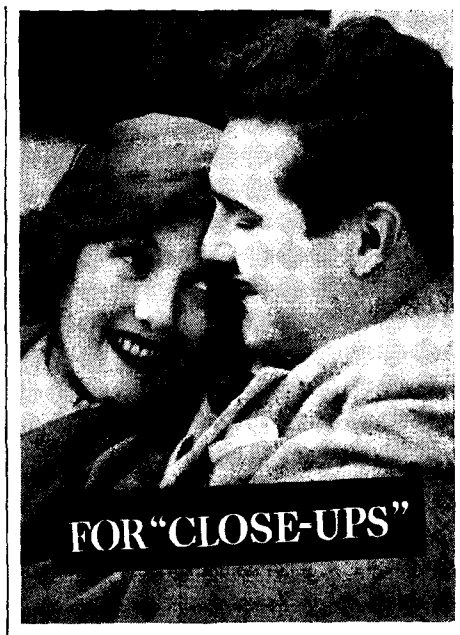
"Such issues are at stake, M. Chamrousse," Sir Denis said, "and my own blunders have so confounded me, that perhaps I have failed in proper courtesy. If so, forgive me. But try to believe that I have every reason for what I do. It is of vital importance that the yacht Lola should be detained."

"I accept your assurances upon these matters, Sir Denis," said M. Chamrousse.

At which moment the connection with Paris was made; M. Chamrousse stood up, bowed courteously, and handed the receiver to Sir Denis.

I waited—my heart beating wildly!

(To be concluded next week)



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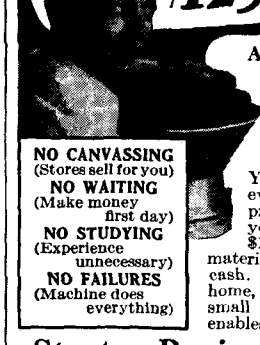

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The Tax that Went Wrong

THAT something is fundamentally wrong with the Federal income tax nobody denies. The very rich have been able to escape payments through loopholes in the law. Salaried people have been disproportionately burdened. Those small merchants, contractors and others whose incomes are not derived from salaries or wages have been able to evade payments. Nobody, high or low, taxpayer, tax-exempt or tax-avoider, is satisfied with the law.

Worse still, as a source of governmental revenue the income tax acts have been poor providers. In boom times the yield was so large that riotous extravagance on the part of Congress was invited. In lean years the revenue was so small that the very solvency of the government was threatened. In 1929 individual income taxes brought in more than a billion dollars. Last year, when the need was infinitely greater, they brought in less than half that amount.

Many have been irritated at the discovery that men counted very rich paid little or no income taxes during the years of depression. Their escape from payment was due to the weakness of the law.

The fundamental trouble with the income tax law is that it was written in prejudice. The motive of too many members of Congress has been to "soak the rich," who are the few, and to exempt the many, who politically are more important. Taxation *without representation* generally inspires resistance. It did so in 1775, and until human nature changes men will continue to go as far as they safely can to escape what they consider unreasonable taxation.

The rich have avoided taxes chiefly by investing in tax-free securities and in reporting losses on their sales of stocks and bonds. Government securities are tax-exempt because tax-free bonds can be sold at lower interest rates than those subject to taxation. So long as the government issues tax-free bonds, rich men will buy them and thus avoid income taxes. Senators and congressmen understand this perfectly.

Avoiding payment through taking losses on securities unquestionably has been abused. Still the responsibility there properly belongs to Congress.

The income tax law requires the payment of taxes upon capital gains. The Federal government obtained large revenues from this source when prices were rising. It is perfectly plain, however, that in a falling market capital losses, and not gains, occur.

This section of the law has always been dangerous. Because of it, owners of securities which rise in price hesitate to sell. When a profit is realized it is taxed. Consequently, securities which might have been sold during the boom years were held by owners who wanted to escape tax increases. This condition contributed largely to the mad rise in the stock markets.

The net result of the income tax administration is that the government's revenues have fluctuated violently, that stock prices were forced up in good times, and that public opinion was provoked by the exposure of the inequalities of payment.

It has not been possible during the first few months of the Roosevelt administration to consider a careful revision of the law. Before the regular session, however, the broad lines of a sound and just tax measure should be explored and drafted.

Until recently the Federal government was the only borrower in whose capacity to pay investors showed any faith. As a result, states, cities, banks, railroads, insurance companies and other corporations had to borrow from the United States.

Obviously this cannot continue indefinitely. The capital required to finance American industry must be supplied from the savings of the American people and not from tax money. Otherwise there would be no jobs and ultimately no taxes.

Industry must earn profits if it is to continue. If the tax law is so clumsily drawn that it makes savings impossible, industry will earn few profits. Of course the government has the right, and the duty for that matter, to share in the profits of industry, but first the profits must be earned.

More than that, it is wrong in principle and disastrous in effect to attempt to make the few pay the entire cost of government. In recent years about 2,500,000 people paid income taxes. Thirty-nine million votes were counted in the last election.

Those paying income taxes are a small minority of those voting. From the standpoint of the politician the opinions and wishes of such a minority are negligible. This is the reason Congress shows such a desire to increase income taxes and to avoid even mentioning the word sales tax.

It is not necessary to waste solicitude on the hardships or the inequalities experienced by income-tax payers. It is, however, emphatically necessary to give great attention to the effects of any taxing system upon the productivity of American industry. Nobody, whether he pays taxes directly and visibly or not, is benefited if industry is sucked dry by taxation.

The great majority of us are more concerned about our jobs than about anything else. What Congress does finally about taxes will have long-time effects upon the jobs of those now employed and of that other host who are looking for work.

Each ought to pay according to his capacity but all ought to pay something toward the upkeep of government. The power to tax is the power to destroy but certainly only lunatics want at such a time as this to retard a wholesome revival of industry.

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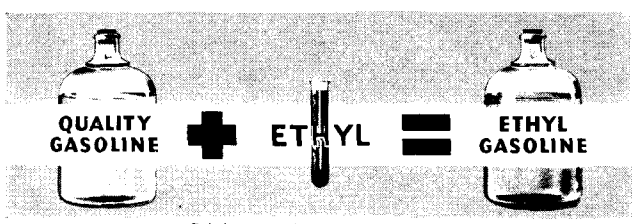

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